Tate

The Piper

May 1935

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The Piper

Hoot Mon!

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Literary

The Children

Arthur Peters '34

They loved the old man dearly because he was so kind, so gentle, and so indulgent to their foolish little desires. Almost every afternoon the two children called on him for tea, and then he would put aside his work and talk gaily with them in the beautiful child-country language which they understood.

There were many lovely things at the old man's cottage to delight their hearts---colored picture books, pens and pencils and ink, long neat rolls of scribbled manuscript to unfold and delve into; and on the walls beautiful,heavy-frame pictures of inexhaustable fancy and wonder. To the children these great, dark paintings were holy and magic things--fragile as the daylight,yet solid and durable as the moon--to be admired with reverential hush and awe. Here was where the old man would prove how sweetly he spoke the child-country language (which is, indeed, often wordless). In silence he and his two young friends would gaze at the wonderful landscapes--the dark green curves of the undulating hills---the flushes of golden sunset which flooded valleys and tinted castle towers with lucid rose--the distant, drowsy cattle--and all the quiet, lovely people. As they gazed together at these exquisite dreams, waves of thrilling pleasure would pass through them, all unbroken by words, and smooth like the gentle flow of one of those stately streams.

But not all the visits to his cottage were pure delight, for at times the old man filled the children with strange awe. He wrote, wrote such interminable pages over that small desk!--while often during the long afternoon hours he would forget their presence as he sat at his work. The fire would grow cold,and they--weary of looking at pictures or colored books--grew nervous and pale and silent, yet fearful to break the terrible stillness which had settled down over the room. Unutterably horrible things would gather around the old man's quiet head at such times; but, frozen with fear, the children would not move. In some corner of the darkening room they would crouch on the floor,shuddering,but still as mice, till the old man finally arose from his work and broke the silence with his cheery voice. Then Alice concealed her tears (this she could always do, as the poor old man was so nearly blind without his spectacles) and Rupert forgot his bitter misery, and they were all happy once more as they chatted before a fresh fire and sipped their tea.

These fearful things did not frequently occur; yet sometimes at night,after their mother had turned down the night-lamp, despite Alice's tearful pleading, they could not help seeing ghastly things in the darkness of their bedroom. Then

monstrous forms would leer at them from out of the dark,and the old man's bearded face would twist into ghastly contortions, or his strange eyes grow terrible and fixed. Alice would moan, and Rupert--not only to comfort his sister but becasue he too saw fearful things in the night---would climb into the younger child's bed where the two would lie tightly locked in each other's arms until sleep pushed back the phantoms into nameless realms.

The days added bravery to young Rupert's heart and cleverness to the little mind of Alice, but the awe with which they occasionally beheld the strange but kind old man never quite passed away. Though he petted them, and let them play among his pictured books, and gave them tea, and little cakes to dip, and little crackers to nibble, sometimes (as I have said) he would forget them over his papers until the twilight came on and in the grey half-light Rupert could see---as he would tell Alice afterward---angels and bats flying 'round and 'round the old man's head.

One summer afternoon there was a hard shower, and the two children were beginning to think they must have tea at home. But rather late the rain stopped, though the sun did not come out. They left the house, and wetting their shoes uncomfortably in the soaking grass, made their way down the lane towards the old man's cottage. The air was hot and electric. The sky was strangely low. Neither felt happy as they walked along, but they were so used to having tea at the old man's house that it did not occur to them to turn back.

Reaching the cottage they knocked and listened. Through the open window a curtain stirred in the rising breeze, but only deep silence came forth. They knocked once more,but the stillness was only more profound.Behind the door were silent empty rooms, silent staircase, silent old man---all seeming to wait for them in the silence. They began to fear these things. But even then it did not occur to them to return.

"He must be asleep," said Alice, and Rupert nodded. In their hearts they thought of something very different.

Rupert turned the handle of the door.Often when the old man did not answer, they would let themselves in and find him wherever he sat, working or dozing in his chair. Usually they found him writing in the little room at the head of the stairs.

The door opened just as the rain began to pat once more on the leaves.There was no one in the parlor. Rupert called faintly up the stairs while Alice peered into the empty kitchen; but they soon joined each other,for they did not like to have rooms between them.

"Shall we go upstairs?" whispered the boy. Alice was pale,but she assented, and anxiously watching the face of her brother,followed him as he slowly ascended the first steps. Their feet made no sound on the carpet. Half way up, the great clock in the parlor struck the half-hour; then within the house all was hushed; without, the faint drone of falling rain was heard. Wild terror seized them, but they did not pause nor speak. What was language? Their horror came from breathless gulfs, empty and still as doom. Mute signs, mute signals, laden with unutterable significance, pass between children in moments of fear. Their guardian angel perhaps heard the shrill mute appeals---perhaps the reverberating ether carries such tongueless supplication on its impalpable wings. . . .

A chill breath of air swept up the dim case, making a low little sound as it passed beneath the several doors of the upper hall.

But where was their guardian angel now? Did he hover above their heads at this moment, like the bats and spirits of the wrinkled old man?

They were slowly ascending the stairs. From the first few steps of the ascent they could not see the door of the old man's study. When it did appear around the edge of the banister, they stopped, frozen with horror. Usually the door stood wide open; sometimes (but not often) they found it shut. Today, because the door stood half-open,because within it they could see the deep shadows of the bed and the weird amber-green light from the flaring,rainy sunset and the green hills without--they were overcome with a surpassing terror. A closed door would have been strange to them, frightened as they were. A half-open door was unearthly. It meant that they could not see the old man where he should have been at his desk; he was just concealed from their eyes by that door! He was waiting!--waiting for them in that dropping silence--motionless--patient--silent, with his knotted fingers extended before him, his terrible eyes glaring . . . . Tears burst silently from the little girl's eyes, and rushing from her cheeks in two streams, fell and sank into the carpet. Had their nurse in that terrible moment crept up the staircase behind them and whispered in their ears,"Turn back!" they could have done so. Had their mother followed them,and seeing their terror, taken them gently by the arm and led them down, they would have gone gladly. But alone they could not. A will many times more cunning than their own seemed drawing them on. Was it the old man, the terrible old man, with his wild eyes, waiting for them within that room? O, where was their guardian angel now?---their sweet nurse--their gentle mother?

With a gasp and a little scream,Alice broke from her brother and flung back the door!

The old man, writing at his desk, started at the sound. Then he turned and saw them.

"How you startled me!" he cried as he rose and kissed them each. He laughed his deep rich laugh and removed his spectacles.

"How late you are today!" he said. It was the rain, I suppose. Well, shall we have tea, my dears? . . . .

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EXPERIENCE

Yesterday I was a student; discontented with teachers and books,pencils and hoarse administrations of vocal discipline from session room teachers; dissatisfied with the tyranny of daily requirements in classes.

But necessity placed a barrier between us, and today I am a cog in the machinery of labor,sweating and eking out an existence in competition with fellowmen who are little more than marionettes,answering to the tugs of Giant Industry and grudgingly dancing with hypocritical alertness at the blast of the factory whistle. On every hand are guardians of the Company's welfare watching that none wastes time which must be paid for by the Company. But the working day is finally terminated and wearily the worker "homeward plods his weary way," as production ceases to grind the lines of mortals down,slowly but relentlessly.Trudging home in the dusk I am conscious of a yearning for the carefree and priceless days of the classroom and teachers, even with their verbal criticism heaped on the heads of erring students.

---Hugh McHugh, former Baldwin High School student.

300th. Anniversary of the High School

Ellen Ford '35

A little over three hundred years ago,to be exact on February 13, 1635, the "Publick Latin School of Boston" was founded. This school was the forerunner of the modern American high school, but how different from the schools we know! As its name implies, the school based its curriculum on Latin with Greek as a close second. Boys, and boys only, entered this "high school" around seven years of age and were ready for college at about fourteen. Usually only the sons tithed for the ministry attended school, and the colleges prepared almost exclusively for this vocation.

However, during the eighteenth century the changing economic and political conditions greatly affected the schools. They began to offer, besides Latin and Greek, mathematics,English, physics,writing, geography, and gradually other subjects.These courses were in answer to demands that the schools provide education for boys entering the business world as well as the ministry.So as early as 1750 both business and college preparatory courses were offered in American high schools.

These early schools were considered very well attended if there were as many as twenty students. Today a high school with less than one hundred attendants is considered too small to have a well-rounded curriculum. The teachers in these early schools were everything from unschooled,indentured servants to graduates of theological seminaries waiting for openings in some parish. However, nowadays, all high school teachers are college graduates, many with advanced degrees, who have been prepared for the sole purpose of teaching. Also eighteenth century teachers were called on to teach anything from writing to physics, regardless of their knowledge of the subject, while modern instructors have had special training in the subjects they teach, and are seldom called upon to teach more than two unrelated subjects.

Although the liberality of the high schools increased steadily from the seventeenth century, it was not until well on in the nineteenth that high school education was open to girls. Some communities finally established separated schools for girls,while others offered separate courses to girls and boys in the same school. From these practices the coeducation of today rapidly evolved.

From Boston's "Publick Latin School", the first American school financed at public expense, the twenty-eight thousand high schools can and do adapt themselves to local conditions; depending on the characteristics of the community, one can find commercial,agricultural,scientific,technical, and many other types of schools and courses mixed in with the standard college preparatory ones. Indeed, after three hundred years of struggle, the modern American high school can prepare its students for every field of life.Even so,all leading educators point to the promising future of secondary education,when the high school will seek to be of greater service than ever before. Every kind of preparation for life will be offered, and educational opportunities will be adapted to the individual student according to his needs, his interests, and his ability.

. . . . . .

The whole countryside was transformed into a fairyland of white and silver. Lady Moon was the queen if it all, and the twinkling stars her subjects.

The desk was a battle-scarred catalogue of names.

Un Poco de Todo

(A Little of Everything)

Muriel Sturtz

It is always the unusual that attracts one's interest. And there is much about Mexico that is unusual; the climate,the scenery,the people,their customs--in fact, so much that it seems completely "foreign".

Our first sight of Mexico City was from the window of the train, and I felt as if I were seeing it from an airplane. The city rests in the bottom of what looks like a huge volcanic crater.The valley is over 7,500 feet above sea level, an altitude to which it is difficult to accustom oneself. Overlooking the valley are two snow-capped volcanoes. "Popo" as the Mexicans call Popocatepetl is the great land mark of the Valley of Mexico.In Aztec the name means"Smoky Mountain". It rises to a height of 17,888 feet and has suffered several eruptions.Unfathomed deposits of sulphur are stored in its great crater. A story is told of how Cortez let a man down into the crater on a rope to get sulphur for gunpowder. The other snow-clad mountain,Ixtaccihuatl, usually known as the "Sleeping Woman" because of its odd configuration, is linked to Popo by a curving "saddle" over which Cortez led his little band to attack the Valley of Mexico.

When they heard of our plans to spend the summer in Mexico,friends exclaimed, "What makes you choose such a hot place? Isn't it hot enough for you here?". Even after we returned from Mexico, it was difficult to convince them that the linen suits and the other summer clothes which we had taken with us had hung in the closet all summer and that we had suffered from the cold almost every day. The cool climate is due to the high altitude. The daily rains help to cool off the air, too. Without fäil the rain descends in torrents each afternoon. Until a few years ago the rain came with such regularity at four o'clock that the natives were in the habit of setting their watches by it. The strange thing about the rains in Mexico is that one learns not to mind them in the least; they are accepted as just part of the daily schedule. There is the assurance that the sun will be shining brightly the next morning, and there is no place in the world where mornings are brighter or more beautiful than in Mexico.

We spent most of the first days we were in the city wandering about the streets. We tried to avoid Madero Street, Mexico's Fifth Avenue, because of the many Americans. American tourists are obnoxious; they talk in loud voices and ask senseless questions. So we wandered onto the out-of-the-way streets, and it was there we happened onto many strange sights. We saw the public-letter writers plying their pens, helping many love-sick Indians to "woo by mail". We visited many beautiful flower markets where a gardenia could be bought for a cent and a half. There is the Thieves' Market. Whenever anything is stolen from you in Mexico City,they say, "You go to the Thieves' Market and look for it". We heard of one man who bought back his own fountain pen and umbrella there. Even more strange than the Thieves' Market is the Monte de Piedad,a most unusual pawnshop. This busy establishment was founded as a form of public charity by a Mexican muleteer who grew rich from a silver mine. On pledged articles it will lend any amount from a few cents to several thousand dollars. It works like a bank, except that collateral on loans may be anything from a blanket or sewing machine

to field-glasses or an eight-cylinder car. One of the most peculiar sights we came upon was the outside barber. He would stroll along the street carrying his equipment, chair and all, until he met a customer and then set up shop wherever he might be.

In appearance the native Indian is a very picturesque figure.He often wears two large sombreros, the best one on top. The Indian is never seen without his sombrero, and yet we saw no bald Indians; this would explode the theory that hat wearing diminishes the hair. He wears a white, pink, or blue shirt and white pyjama trousers often rolled up to the knees. On his feet he wears "guaraches", a type of sandal. Many thousands of old automobile tires are imported from the United States each year to use as soles for these "guaraches". The Indian woman always wears her hair down, either in long black braids or loose around her shoulders. Her skirt is ankle-length, full and gored, and her collarless blouse is tucked into her skirt; she wears a bright-colored sash,earrings, and a shawl-like scarf called a "rebozo" in which there is tucked away the inevitable baby. (One wonders how the poor little thing breathes).Besides the baby she is usually toting a heavy bundle.

Many of the table manners are quite different from ours. The men sit at the table and are served first; they finish eating before the women sit down. Dinner is served in the evening at about nine o'clock and usually consists of from eight to ten courses. One course is an egg dish very tastily cooked, and rich brown "frijoles"(beans)form a separate course. Hard rolls are served but seldom butter. The meats are generally tough, but chicken is good and quite common. The fresh tropical fruits like the banana, mango,and pineapple are very delicious.The coffee is abominable; it has been roasted until burnt and is served with hot milk. Then there are the typical Mexican dishes like the tortillas, the national dish of Mexico.They are made from a paste of corn meal and lime water and rolled very thin like a pancake.At first they taste as flat as they look,but one learns to like them. They are served with avocado paste. Another popular dish is the enchillade, a tortilla rolled around meat and sauce. The tomale is made of meat surrounded with cornmeal and slipped into a cornhusk. It is as famous in Mexico as the "hot dog" is in the United States.

We are inclined to form our impressions of the Mexican from the railroad laborers in this country or the bandits pictured in the movies, and we think of them as a greasy,undesirable lot. When one has had the opportunity to live among them,one changes that first impression and concludes that his brother across the border has some very admirable qualities. Even the poorest has a quiet dignity that is most admirable. One of the outstanding characteristics is their extreme courtesy. There is always a greeting on meeting anyone, stranger or friend, on the road. When a guest enters a home the mistress always informs him, "Es su Casa", which means, "This is your home".If in the course of his visit the guest should admire anything which he saw in the house, the hostess will present him with the object of his admiration and will not permit him to refuse it. On a street car or bus, a man always rises to give his seat to a woman; it makes no difference whether the woman is a smart looking Spaniard or a poorly dressed peasant.

It is small wonder that this country with its charming people and fascinating scenery captivates everyone who has visited its shores.It is a country which once seen one hopes some day to visit again.

. . . . . .

March is a changeable old woman who can't decide whether to scold you for your muddy feet or to soothe your cares with gentle, spring-like breezes.

Tea

Anabel Dahlquist '35

A faint, blue stem of incense arose from the carved jade burner on the little lacquered table at my right. It was fragrant sandalwood, but it annoyed me, and I shifted uncomfortably in my seat on the floor. Was I to sit here all day gazing at old Loo Chung? I knew not why he had called me here; I suspected it was because he wished to give me counsel. Though I had lived in China for two years in my capacity of foreign correspondent for the New York Gazette, he still took a particular delight in summoning me into his presence at regular intervals for this purpose. Old Loo Chung prided himself that I usually took his advice, too.

As a matter of fact, he was a wise old fellow, and he served excellent tea of a particularly rare brand. The old Chinese was a stickler for custom, however. He must always sip his tea first, remarking at length on the relative merits and virtues of Chinese tea above that of all other countries;and then I must taste mine and also deliver a discourse on its rare excellency.

But today,after his customary connoisseur's sip, his eyes still stared past me, perhaps at the silken curtained window behind me which overlooked one of the numerous courtyards of the house of Loo. I wished fervently that he would speak soon, but I knew that he sometimes sat thus in silence for minutes at a time.

I was more uncomfortable today than usual,and I am afraid my impatience was rather obvious. I had a very special date for dinner and the fights at five with the niece of the American consul, and I was eager to be off. I wanted to speak, but to thus disturb his silence would be unpardonable.

I really valued his friendship, and I knew beneath that veneer of unbending formality he cherished no small amount of affection for me. Old Loo Chung had never had a son; but only a beautiful young girl of twenty whom he loved above all else in this world. I never saw her much, and I knew little about her except that she had been well-educated in American schools. Her name was Loo Yin. I thought briefly how queer it must be for a young girl to live with a stiff old gentleman like Loo Chung. He insisted on scrupulous observance of the customs of his ancestors; a rather formal, dull existence for her. Perhaps that was why she appeared to me to be tragic and pre-occupied.

My gaze wandered about the room, again taking in the familiar objects. They had always held a strange fascination for me.Somehow I felt out of place in this room. There were small relics of ancient workmanship; floor coverings of handsome, hand-woven carpets worth a fortune; on the table near me a handful of old Chinese piasters, black with age: Most of it appeared never to have been touched.

I recovered from my reflections because of that irritating smell again, and I turned my eyes to Loo Chung. His face,the color of parchment, on which a thousand wrinkles had been etched in perfect symmetry,was as calm as ever and in exactly the same position. The robe of fuchsia damask with embroidery of gold dragons which hung in rich folds about his thin form and the little black cap which concealed only the top of his head made him resemble a statue of Buddha.There

was something inexorably cruel about that face now as I looked at it, and I was about to speak when I heard a sound behind me. I half turned.

Loo Yin stood there,more lovely than ever. She seemed like a character from some old print, with her skin like old ivory and her costume of lavender satin. But I perceived something more. She seemed surprised to see me. In her eyes were mirrored fear and horror. In a moment she had recovered and walking swiftly to us, she emptied the contents of both our teacups into the teapot almost before I noticed and taking it in her hands, dashed it against the wall. Fascinated, I watched the amber liquid spread in an ever-widening stain on the silken-covered wall.

I instinctively turned my eyes to Loo Chung's face. Surely he would say something, offer some explanation? Loo Yin had crouched,sobbing, before the motionless figure of her father who sat as ever, staring straight ahead. A cruel, little smile seemed to play about his lips, but perhaps it was my imagination.

Loo Yin raised her lovely head and turned her tear-stained face toward me. Those eyes sought my face as if searching for something she could not find, for I am afraid she saw only bewilderment.

Though she wept helplessly,it seemed to me that there was no remorse in her cries--only fear and despair. She kept murmuring over and over, "I have killed him, oh, I have killed him!" She had repeated it many times before I seemed to grasp its full significance and was aroused into action. No wonder that he had not spoken!

I listened fearfully at Loo Chung's chest. Yes, there was no heartbeat. There was no doubt about it; the old man was dead and had been dead probably since he had first sipped the tea. Poison, and quick working too.

Loo Yin was still sobbing, but I pleaded with her to tell me her story. It was hard to describe my feelings. I felt a strange sadness,for Loo Chung had been my friend;nevertheless,my sentiments were not entirely against Loo Yin. In China it is as condemning a sin to kill one's own parent as in any other country; but somehow I felt that the girl was justified, how I did not know.

The girl was incoherent in her grief. Until sometime later, I was unable to piece together her story as she told it to me. From what I gathered, however, this was what had happened:

Loo Yin at birth had been betrothed, as is the custom in China,to a wealthy Chinese boy,the scion of one of the oldest families in Peking.It was Loo Chung's wish that by their marriage they would unite the two houses;much as he loved his daughter, he did not intend to be defeated in his purpose.

But Loo Yin had been sent to America to be educated and having prevailed upon her father to let her stay longer than he wished, grew to love the freedom and independence of the Western world.She told me that only then did she realize the narrowness and backwardness of her life as it would be if she returned to her marriage and consequent self-effacement as the wife of a Chinese gentleman. And she had fallen in love,desperately,with a young Chinese student, also studying in America and also as unwilling to return to his own land. They wished to marry secretly, but Loo Yin felt that it was her duty to go to her father and appeal to him first. She knew he would doubtless never be reconciled to the fact that she had married against his wishes, but she thought that he would not be so

(continued on page 64)

On Conversation

Kirk Martin '36

Wherever people are gathered--conversation will certainly be present.Everyone converses,from the neighborhood pest who buttonholes you on your way home to inform you of his latest golfing achievements to the feminine diplomats of the afternoon bridge club, where the important question of how Mrs. Haughty New Castle will wear her hair this fall is tossed from tongue to tongue.

At any social gathering one invariably comes upon conversation. When the planned program of the evening is interrupted or finished, someone is bound to bring up the weather. This is a very conventional opener, since there must be weather, be it good,bad, or just in between. Mr. Jones will now tell his experience at sea in a tidal wave,and after being duly discussed in its past,present, and future stages,the weather will be put away on the conversational shelf until the need for its presence is felt once more. Unfortunately this will leave many a poor soul with a particularly juicy contribution on his or her tongue, and a cheated feeling in his or her breast. This state of distress soon passes, however, as the half opened mouth, the faintly wild glitter in the eyes, and the contorted facial features--all denoting readiness for instant action signify.

The human breakfast is always a subject sure to find a place in the evening's conversation. The gentleman on your left feels that all present should know that a cup of black coffee and a slice or two of well toasted toast--burned to be exact--suffice as his regular morning repast.The fat woman across the room absolutely abhors grapefruit; but since it is on her diet, she supposes she will have to endure the abominable variety of the citrus family for a few weeks, at least. The timid creature with the goatee enjoys ham and eggs, he informs the rest, while the auditor, Mr.Figger, likes his eggs boiled just three minutes, no more and no less. Pancakes and oatmeal are favorites with many, and will always find a warm defender.

Politics,the unemployment situation, the bridge tournament,the quintuplets, and the latest---and longest---books will each take a turn at the conversational bat.

Then suddenly all will be silent. The information at hand is exhausted, and the very existence of the conversation is threatened. The experienced host will recognize this fact, and if resourceful, will immediately bring up a new topic.

The camel furnishes ideal subject matter for just this occasion. The camel is--as are whales and submarines--one of those topics about which everyone knows, and about which no one knows anything definite. Try it some time. Notice the spark of interest glint in the eyes of those assembled. The small blond woman shyly states that she somewhere read that a camel's humps are formed by the beast's instinctive habit of sleeping on its back. The man on her right politely but firmly assures her this is wrong."The humps," he insists magnificently," are an outgrowth of the mother camel's method of carrying her young." A voice from the depths of an easy chair scornfully condemns the statement made by the bald headed man that camels can go for sixteen days without water. Meanwhile,the auditor is musing to himself in a very loud voice on whether it is figs or dried prunes with which he associates the camel, or is it a dromedary of which he is thinking?

(continued on page 65)

The Last Pylon

Jack Long 35

The National Air Races are held yearly in various parts of the country and attract many of the great names in aviation. I have had the good fortune to view several of these air classics.

After seeing the Air Races, one wonders how anyone can become excited while watching a few horses bounce around a dirt oval at about thirty miles an hour.

The races present every type of plane known. Size ranges from the hugh Boeing Transport to the tiny Heath Bullet.

On arriving at the show we see a dark red monoplane going through its qualifying dashes for the main race of the afternoon. It is thrilling to watch him as he screams down from the heavens at some two hundred and fifty miles per hour; yet if we could foretell the future,we would never allow him to enter that race.

The race stunt men are shown here in all their glory. One flyer purposely drops a wheel while in the air and after stunting comes in for a landing on the one remaining wheel. He does it so beautifully that as far as we of the spectators know, two wheels are unnecessary to a good safe landing.

The Army and Navy flyers are "doing their stuff." Close wing formations, three planes tied together at the wing tips execute perfect loops and after the act land with those connecting cords still intact.

One visiting English stunt man has a saddle on the outside of the fuselage of his plane. From this saddle he flys the plane with the nonchalance and ease that might be displayed by one of his more conservative brothers on a fox hunt.

Parachute jumpers? They take up three planes and dump twenty jumpers out into space at once.

"Heads up, folk, you can't take 'em home to the kiddies." But all is not so amusing. A high wind is blowing. The jumpers are trying to hit the field by slipping their 'chutes. In doing this they drop with increased rapidity, and no one laughs or speaks until that 'chute blossoms out into a billowing cloth of safety.

A rain storm hits us, and it's everybody under the stands until the rain storm is over. Here I discover that there is nothing so conducive to sociability as a good rain. Here, for once, the rich are "soaked" just as much as I am. After a few more events the field is cleared for the main race, this being the famous Thomson Trophy Classic.

There are eight well groomed entrants. Six of them are of the inverted inline engine type. The other two are Wedell Williams Racers,powered by radial engines. One is flown by Roscoe Turner; the other is piloted by Doug Davis of Atlanta, Georgia. Davis is the one who was going through his qualifying dashes as we came in. All eight leave the line and climb into starting position. The race is on.

(continued on page 66)

On Getting a Small-Town Haircut

Bob McCutcheon '35

As I stroll aimlessly down THE street, a faded red, white and blue pole catches my eye. It strikes a familiar note in any blissfully blank mind. Unconsciously, I reach for my ears. Yes, they are well covered with hair. This is a deplorable state of affairs. I head at once for the striped object.

Luck is with me, for I am the only customer. "Now," think I, "for a speedy job, and soon shall I be on my way again."

While the long,thin barber lays aside his pipe and paper, puts his suspenders back on, and carefully adjusts his green eye-shade, I settle comfortably in the chair. With a happy sigh, I reflect on the good things in life.

"Want a hair cut, do ye?" asks the barber. As he turns on clippers, he continues, "Now I always says that if a feller---"

I cut him short with "Yes. And don't make it too short."

It is easy to see that he is about to fall into his usual discourse on the weather. Alas, I am powerless to stop him. The following conversation goes something like this:

"Well, looks like she's goin' to rain."

"Yes, I wouldn't be surprised." (casting an experienced eye at the sky, which always looks like rain through his windows.)

"Yep! Sure wouldn't hurt the crops none."

"Yeah, I guess they could stand it."

"Nope! Wouldn't be 'tall surprised if it rained before noon."

"Well, neither would I. Our garden could use it all right."

"Yep! She sure is dry. 'Twould do a world of good to the crops, all right!"

This goes on indefinitely, usually until some farmer or gossip enters. Automatically I am eliminated from the conversation,which gradually swings into different channels.

Presently I am listening to stories of fish of amazing size (which the narrator landed only after a long struggle) or narrow escapes from hunger-maddened bears.

Many's the time my heart skips a beat as the barber stabs an on-rushing bull in the heart with the scissors, which whistle perilously close to my right ear. I hold my breath as he sneaks closer and closer to an unsuspecting deer, draws a bead "just behind the shoulder," and fires. This to the accompaniment of wildly slashing shears,which half cut and half tear appalling quantities of hair from my head.

(continued on page 14)

The talk slowly turns to times of old,and names of long dead relatives, and rusty dates creep into the conversation. All the sins and shortcomings of these deceased ones are taken out, dusted, and stored away again.

The timely entrance of the village president spares those who have passed on many an embarrassing situation. The gossipers give quarter to none.

The barber adds the final touches to my hair while the president expounds the mysteries of politics to his awed and silent audience. As I pay the barber and stagger toward the door, the illustrious president is airing his opinions of the present administration in no uncertain terms. As the assembled group bids me farewell, I stumble over the door-step and blurt out, "Well, it sure looks like she's goin't to rain!"

. . . . . .

The Manufacture of Leaders

Bill Cole '35

All of us are stockholders in this business; all of us play a part in the manufacturing of leaders,and all humanity receives dividends from their presence in the world. As the industry is a vital one and concerns everybody, it deserves much more of our time than is devoted to it. Let us, therefore, make a study of this highly important business.

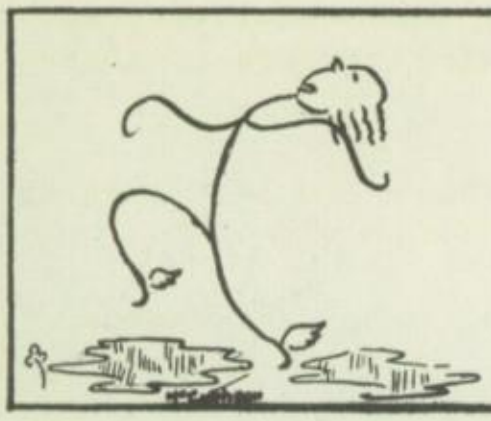
In the last few years nearly all industries have suffered a great deal because their markets have decreased. Even in boom times industries must watch their markets closely. Through all the cycles of prosperity and depression the market for leaders has remained good. This market shows no signs of relaxing its incessant demands for more leaders. There is such a shortage that very inferior substitutes are often used. So we have a better outlook in that direction than has any other industry.

The leader industry is also in a superlative position in regard to raw materials. Every person with average intelligence is a potential leader.

There need be no time nor energy spent in selling the finished product because one of the most noticeable attributes of the product is its ability to sell itself. There is no problem of transportation, as the industry is carried on in all civilized parts of the world. No advertising need be developed. There is plenty without asking.

It would seem that with all these advantages the leader industry would be run in such a way that it would give us an ample and superior product. But this is not the case. Our present leaders run this world rather inefficiently. There are still prominent such things as war, unemployment, and crime. Of course there are also smaller, lesser evils which are not as wide in scope. Our leaders are not as plentiful or as useful as they should be. Let us consider the qualities a leader should have. There is quite a number of them.

A leader must be able to think intelligently and make decisions. He should be original both in thought and actions. He should show initiative and a willingness to be the first to do and dare. He must have courage to rule himself and to fight for an objective. He must have an unwavering confidence in himself, and should inspire confidence in others. (continued on page 63)



Verse

MY SECRET LOVE

I have a little garden
  Within a high brick wall.
In summer sunshine gathers
  And dead leaves in the fall.

The daffodils first gather
  To greet the coming Spring,
And later sweet June roses
  Cling fast to everything.

Sweet pinks with ragged edges
  And sunny marigold
Are still steadfastly with me
  When summer has grown old.

----Faye Elizabeth Smith

. . . . . .

HIM

His hair is gold and shining,
  And should he chance to smile,
My heart skips in its beating
  I'm prisoner to his guile

He does not dance divinely,
  He's very poor in purse,
Yet I simply can't resist him
  When he walks out with his nurse.

----Faye Elizabeth Smith

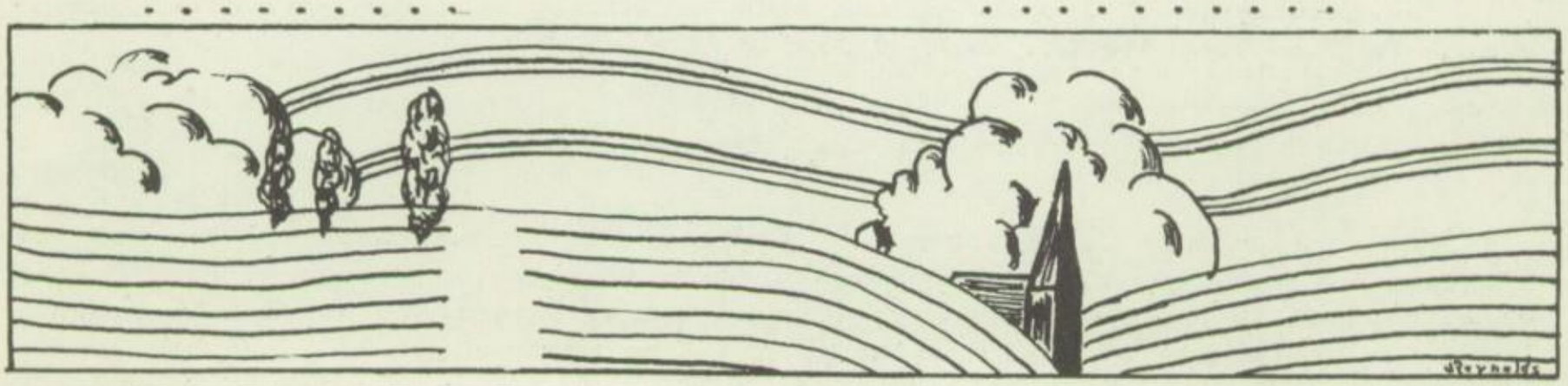
SOLILOQUY

Oftimes Life seems a dreary thing;and to myself I sigh,
"Death has no fears for me---I'm not afraid to die."
Little realizing the empty bravery of my words,
The false courage. And sighing again, I gaze enviously at birds
And butterflies and flowers, with their brief, rapturous span
Of life--so fleeting and so full.Why may not man
Live less long---for a few golden hours work and laugh and weep,
And, presently, lay him down to a sweet, everlasting sleep?

"Death has no fears for me." Ah,but infinitely worse,
You are afraid to LIVE, and that is a greater curse
By far. Life is a bloody battle,in which to win
We must conquer ourselves as well as the foe;
And fearless of Death, by the same philosophy know
We shall as dauntless be 'mid the Life-battle's din.

----Mary E. Staley

. . . . . .



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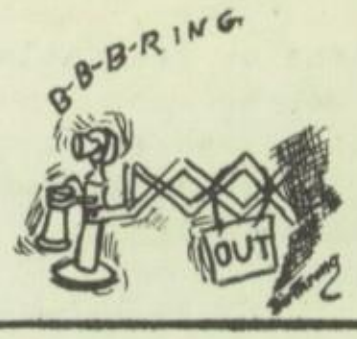
IN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The Publications Club wishes to express its sincere appreciation for the flawless co-operation of the faculty,the administration,and the numerous student organizations in the composition of this magazine; especially we wish to acknowledge the assistance of Esther Rainey, the Birmingham ECCENTRIC, and the Arnold Studios,without whose co-operation this publication would not have been possible.

Editorials



FAILURES NEED NOT BE PERMANENT

Near the close of each semester many of us start worrying because we have not accomplished all that we should have, or all that we wished to, in our different subjects. We either become depressed and lose hope or go to the extreme of studying feverishly,which might cause physical harm. An indifferent attitude dominates some of us,and others temporarily become fatalists and place their belief in the idea that "What will come, will come".

Sometimes we will make some miscalculations and things may not turn out as we expected; as a result, we are the ones who suffer. We should not let a failure or two break our courage and make us become despondent. Let us always remember that we have times that may be compared with the weather---sometimes bright and clear and sometimes dark and cloudy. Just because today is stormy, we do not for one minute lose hope of ever seeing the sun again. So would it not be worthwhile for us to apply the same idea in our studying?

DAILY RECITATION VERSUS EXAMINATIONS

We believe that the methods of daily recitation and examinations in education can be likened to the methods of cash and carry and deferred payment in business. In our opinion the use of daily recitations is inefficient, and the class period would be better devoted to study. Using this method the teacher would be answering questions instead of asking them; this she can do to a much greater advantage. Much needless duplication would be avoided,for the recitation period is a waste of time to the student who has prepared the lesson. It is only the unprepared student who benefits from class recitations. Therefore,it is evident that the better the class is,the more useless class recitation becomes. The converse of this is equally true, and thus class recitation defeats its own purpose. Its continued use lowers the standard of the class and wastes much time.

If, on the other hand, the class time were used as a study period, the benefits would be immediately evident. The better students would find class time sufficient in which to do their work, and they would not be held back by the slower students. The latter would study under the supervision of the teacher; at the end of certain definite periods, examinations, which are the only effective, impartial index, would be given over the amount of work covered. We believe this would constitute sound educational procedure, at least for the majority of our students.

. . . . . .

For the benefit of you who are talented, we asked Ty Tyson this question: "When does WWJ hold auditions?" The answer is the auditions are held on Friday mornings at 11:00. Albert Coffey is in charge, and an appointment is not necessary.

MARY HAS A LITTLE MAN

Mary, Janet, Barbara, Betty, Nancy, and even Maude: Each has a little man; and as the fable goes, his hair is either black,brown,red, or blond. He follows her to school each morning and drives or walks home with her at night. Then when the week-end comes,Mary hints a bit and gets a date for the dance. The poor fellow is in heaven--so he thinks--when she goes out with him. But is he taking a beating!

We poor suckers of the male sex. We work all day Saturday to earn enough to take our sweet little girls to the show or a dance. Let us tell you, fellow-sufferers, your date never tries to save you money. Not by a long shot! If it is suggested to get something to eat after the show, as must be done just out of politeness, she will say, "Gee, that's swell! I could eat a hamburg and a nut-fudge-marshmallow-caramel sundae right now." This will invariably happen even if she knows it will break you.

Well, boys,guess we can't do anything about it. But we send out our honest, heartfelt sympathy to you. At least we can go to the dances stag; if there are no girls, we can dance with each other. There are some boys who can follow much better than girls anyway. The trouble is that the only time a girl wants to follow a boy is at a dance. The rest of the time she wants him to follow her.

MUSIC APPRECIATION

No one is able to realize more than the musician the discourtesy that is shown by the so-called "appreciative" audience. It is extremely difficult for either a soloist or an entire orchestra of play to an audience that does not really listen to a concert.

The great majority of people do not know how to appreciate the true value of music. They will talk, and that during the entire performance, and as soon as the orchestra comes to a rest or a grand pause, will burst into a round of applause much to the embarrassment and chagrin of the conductor.

People who are not willing to sit and listen to a musical concert should not come and pretend to be interested in the program. They should stay away and allow the true music-lovers to enjoy the program.

A WORD PICTURE

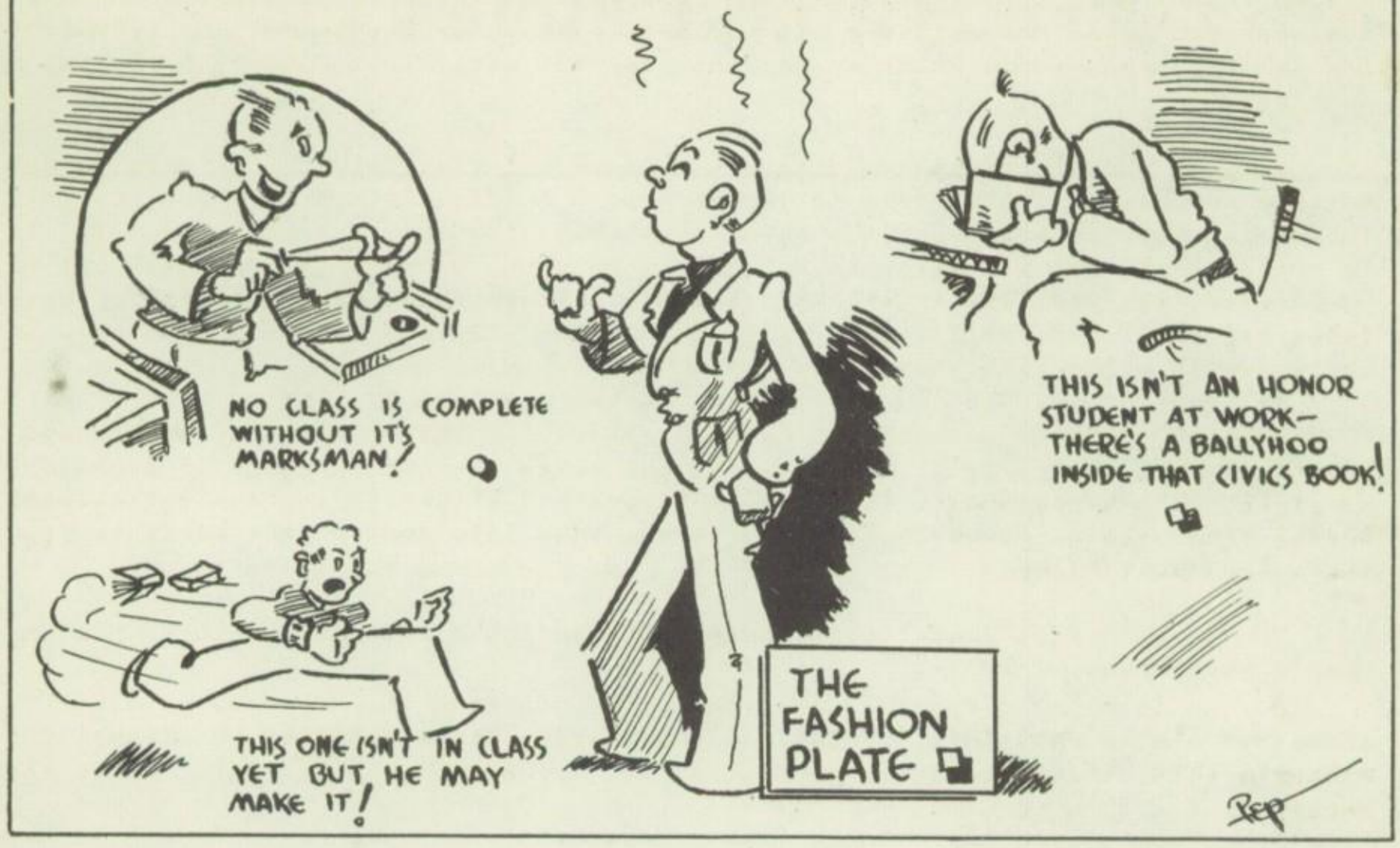
Assembly. Self-termed "artist" at the piano. Much yawning in the audience. A few guilty looks at sour-faced faculty by the windows; then out come the pencils. A few passes at the old initials on the seats ahead; now a little original fancy work. Finally, for want of excitement,a few caricatures of the "entertainer" in notebooks. Many stifled giggles as the caricatures get into circulation. Added flourishes by other artists. Somebody drops some money. General stir at the unusual sound. More giggles.

The "artist" seems to be through with his number. His hair mussed and tie deranged, he bows serenely and stalks off the stage into the wings. The master of ceremonies comes out and wiggles large paws for silence. No use. Audience sound asleep. Snores. . . . . .

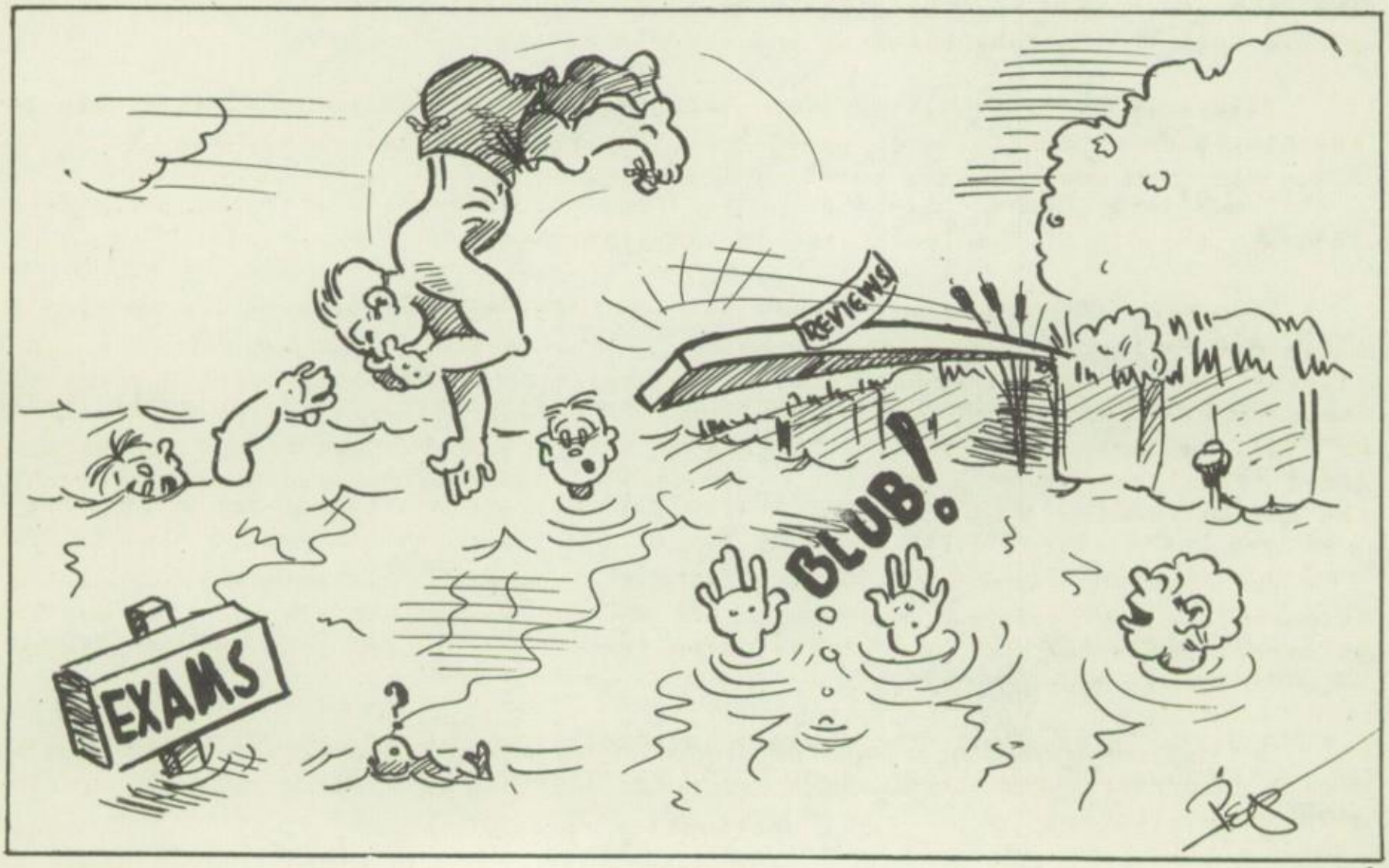
. . . . . .

The mailman goes for a walk on his holiday. The sailor rows a boat in the park.A conductor takes a ride on a streetcar,but what retired Congressman spends millions every day?

THERE'S ONE IN EVERY CLASS


NO CLASS IS COMPLETE WITHOUT IT'S MARKSMAN!
THIS ONE ISN'T IN CLASS YET BUT HE MAY MAKE IT!
THE FASHION PLATE
THIS ISN'T AN HONOR STUDENT AT WORK— THERE'S A BALLYHOO INSIDE THAT CIVICS BOOK!

THE BIGGEST SWALLOW



Alumni Notes

Anabel Dahlquist '35

Sam Bell, June '34, is learning the florist business in his uncle's flower shop.

Milton Freeman, June '34, is manager of the cleaning and dyeing unit of Matthews' Tailor Shop.

Clark Matthews, Jan. '34, who attends Denison University, has been elected to Phi Beta. Dick Kinnee and Jim O'Rourke, June '34, roomed together this year at Denison University.

Kenneth McBride, June '34, is owner of the ice cream shop next to his father's restaurant.

Jack Sitta, Jan. '34, favors the Florida sun. He is studying at the University of Miami.

Duke Mills, June '31, will graduate from Dartmouth College in June.

Bill Guckelberg, Jan. '34, and Don Donaldson, June '34, are starring on the Freshman Track Team at Michigan State. Don was the only freshman to win a medal in a recent Track meet.

Wilfred ("Bud") Donaldson, June '31, will graduate from the University of Detroit in June.

Tom Ellerby, June '31, who graduated from the University of Michigan in June '34, was captain of the Track team in his senior year.

Roderick Cox, Jan. '29, won two letters in football while at the University of Michigan.

Winifred Heidt, June '24, is making a name for herself as a singer on Radio Station W. W. J.

Leigh Lynch III is a varsity football player and a numeral winner in hockey at Brown University and was recently one of the eight students appointed to the Junior Prom committee.

Bob Sabom, June '33, is working for his father at the Mobas Shade Company in Houston, Texas. He attended Rice Institute one year.

Roberta Chissus and John Parker, valedictorian and salutatorian respectively of the Jan. '35 class, are planning to enter the University of Michigan in the fall.

(continued on page 60)

Interview with Walter Huston

Mary E. Staley

Amid thundering applause the curtain falls upon the last act of "Dodsworth", only to rise again as Fay Bainter, "Mrs. Dodsworth", calmly and smilingly takes her bow. Now it discloses Walter Huston, star of the sparkling Sinclair Lewis play,and stately, golden Nan Sunderland, who in real life is Mrs. Walter Huston. The curtain falls for the last time,and reluctantly we join the departing crowd.

Once outside the theatre we hasten around the corner to the stage door,open it, and breathlessly dash up the stairs. Already there is a line of men and women outside Mr. Huston's dressing room, waiting to have programs autographed or to seek other favors; but Mr. Huston's agent firmly blocks the doorway. As he raises questioning eyebrows at us,we eagerly remind him of our appointment.Trembling with excitement, we are ushered into the dressing room.

"Only five minutes, girls,-- Mr. Huston's tired," he admonishes us, closing the door.

It is a small, neat white room; and before the little corner table sits a middle-aged man. Obviously we have interrupted his dressing; but he rises quickly and says in his most gallant manner, "How do you do, girls. What can I do for you?"

He seems genuinely pleased because we have enjoyed the play. Charmed and fascinated, we gaze into those deep, kindly eyes and reflect that he must have been a splendid "Abraham Lincoln" in his screen success of that name.

"How did you happen to become an actor, Mr. Huston?" we ask.

He smiles and runs his fingers thoughtfully through his hair.

"I never wanted to do anything else," he returns. "It was always my ambition to become an actor;my first part was in a school theatrical."

"What kind of parts do you prefer to play?"

"O, any kind--just as long as they're interesting."

"You've had experience on both stage and screen; which do you prefer?"

"The stage--it's a lot more fun. I like to see and feel my audience."

"Do you find that acting a certain part over and over again influences your own life?"

"O, no--I step onto the stage,and I am "Dodsworth;" but I drop the role the minute I leave the stage."

"How do you prepare yourself for a particular role?"

(continued on page 62)

Interview with Ty Tyson

Clyde Bennett '35

"Here we are at Navin Field---."

Have you ever wondered what the man behind that voice was like? Have you wondered why he can make you "see" the game through the radio? The other day we took it upon ourselves to answer these questions.

In the reception room of WWJ our theories on secretaries were completely broken down. The very courteous person even remembered our names from a previous phone call. After a short wait in extremely comfortable surroundings, we were ushered into Mr. Tyson's office.

It is typical of a showman; its walls are lined with pictures of various stage and radio stars. One wall is composed entirely of windows looking onto a long, shallow light shaft. The opposite wall is a partition dividing his office from the rest. Standing against the back wall is a radio upon which can be found books and a picture of Mrs. Tyson and daughter. Three chairs and a desk fill the rest of the office.

During the next half hour we learned a great deal about a remarkable sports career. Mr.Tyson went to a high school where there were no school-sponsored athletics; due to the death of a town-boy, football was taboo for about ten years. Despite this handicap, however,"Ty" played quarter-back on a football team and first-base on a baseball team. After he graduated from high school, he went to Pennsylvania State College to study Forestry.

After his college days were over, he tried professional football and baseball for two years. Then in 1922 he got a chance shot at radio. The manager of WWJ,a friend of Tyson's,asked "Ty" to help him with a broadcast. "Ty" had heard but few programs, let alone put one on. The program was a success. So another real sports announcer was made.

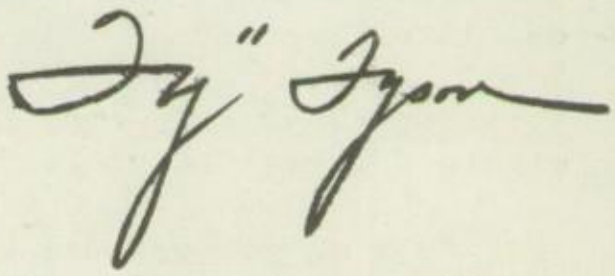
Mr. Tyson modestly attributes his success to his knowledge of the players, a few wisecracks with a bit of players' "lingo" sprinkled in, and his ability to put himself in the listeners' position. It may interest you to know that Mr. Tyson denied being a success.

As for his choice of games to announce, "Ty" chooses baseball by all means. He thinks that football is better to watch, but baseball is his choice.

Mr. Tyson thinks that the Tiger's chances this year are better than ever. He declines to be "put on a limb," but he is pulling for them just the same. He said that the handicap of being a second division team won't hamper them this year but that it may be counter-balanced by a degree of cockiness. He added that the further experience of the last year regulars gave Micky's team a very good chance for the coveted ribbon. He further stated that the "Babe" wouldn't be a loss to the Yanks as a team, but the "gate" would suffer.

As a "closer" we asked the gentleman what he did between seasons.His finger pointed to a program schedule which stood as mute testimony as to the reason for his graying temples.

As we left we offered him our hands. He took them. In the swift journey down we felt a warmer feeling in our breasts for one,



"Station WWJ Detroit NEWS"

Interview with English Boys' Choir

Mary E. Staley '35

One evening in March, St.James Church was filled to capacity with men, women, and children who had flocked from all parts of Birmingham,eager to hear the sweet voices of the English Boy Choristers. The choir had had large audiences at every performance during its good will tour of America,and that night was no exception; for the little church was so full that many stood throughout the entire service, or sat on the steps just inside the street door.

They were like twelve young angels standing there before the altar, with their little faces so bright and earnest as they sang, and with silver crosses flashing against snowy robes in the soft candle-glow. There was a simplicity and sincerity about their singing that was particularly beautiful, and went straight to the listeners hearts. Then the young choristers blended their voices into lovely chords and closed the service with Stainer's "Sevenfold Amen."

Afterwards when they had exchanged their vestments for street clothes, they were twelve little boys once more, all talking at once and noisily comparing impressions.

"I like this church," said one. "It's so nice and homelike."

"I'm glad we had oranges for dessert tonight," sighed another. "Every place we've been, they've given us ice cream, and I'm so tired of it." He was asked if the boys had a special diet. "Diet!" he snorted indignantly. "I should say not! I wouldn't be here if we had a diet!"

Asked what type of songs he preferred to sing, one(continued on page 63)

Interview with Rev. Aulenbach

Mary E. Staley

We were seated in Dr. Aulenbach's office,waiting for him to arrive. Through the open door came a mixture of sounds---voices lifted in a hymn, punctuated by, "Let's try that part again;" hurrying steps in the corridor and on the stairs; the jingling of keys; much conversation and running about. Presently the sexton came in and left an armload of sleek, green palms, then hastened away again. Obviously the day before Palm Sunday is a busy one at the church.

Soon we heard a firm, swinging step and a familiar voice, and there was Dr. Aulenbach. At sight of us, his slight frown vanished, and the fine eyes kindled with a welcoming light. "Hello, there,--glad to see you!" he exclaimed, gripping our hands heartily. We had interrupted him on one of his busiest days, yet he could be glad to see us and willing to give of his precious time!

"I suppose this interview business seems like a big joke to you?" I began uncertainly.

"Why, not at all---I feel honored," he assured me, seating himself at the desk. "What would you like me to talk about?"

"Tell us about yourself---how you happened to go into the ministry!" we begged.

"Well," he began reflectively, "I was brought up in the church---wanted to become a parson from the time I was eight or nine. I used to put on my mother's apron and preach a sermon to my sister, who was the congregation."

Thus the story began. He taught Sunday school when he was only fourteen,and at sixteen was in charge of the junior group,which, although a difficult one, he managed very successfully. As a boy of seventeen he was ardently ambitious,and felt that he could reform the whole world during his lifetime as a parson. Sometimes he went into the Philadelphia slums and spoke earnestly to erring men and women, entreating them to reform and return to their families.On one of these occasions,a man rose abruptly and left. This was rather disconcerting,but the boy continued his sermon; and presently the man returned, a package of meat under his arm!

Dr. Aulenbach's parents wanted him to become a business man, not a parson; and with this end in view, he was sent to business school. However distasteful this may have been to the young man,he showed ability at an early age; for as a youngster of twelve he went around on roller skates selling newspapers, and was so successful that he was obliged to hire an assistant!

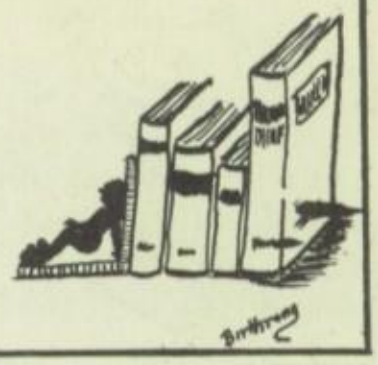
After the war,during which he served as a "gob" in the navy, he wanted to go to college. He had only sixty-five dollars in the world, but after talking over his problem with the dean he entered Swarthmore College. At the end of the year he owed something like two hundred and sixty-five dollars.

First he followed the example of some fellows he knew and worked on a trolley car, collecting fares. That summer his real opportunity came when Dr. George Miller,his first parson and early inspiration, came to him and offered him a position as substitute at a little welfare parish nearby. He accepted without hesitation; although he was only twenty, by the end of the summer he had become so necessary to the little parish that he was asked to stay. This first salary enabled him to pay his college expenses.

"Did you know when you started college how you would pay your expenses?"

"No, I didn't have any idea. But if I had waited until I had the money, I might never have gone. I don't believe in being too cautious; for instance, when a young couple say to me that they aren't getting married because they haven't enough money,my advice to them is to go ahead. The chances(continued on page 56)

Book Reviews



THE FORTY DAYS OF MUSA DAGH by Franz Werfel. (Viking Press, New York,1934)

In this, his latest book, Mr. Werfel has surpassed himself. It is all very well to say that the story depicts the continual strife between the Turks and Armenians,that it is based on an obscure,little known incident of the World War, and that the feeling between the followers of Mohammed and the still persecuted Christians are portrayed clearly and without prejudice.

However,nothing can be said that will impress the reader as much as reading even a few pages of this lengthy book. Even the casual reader, who may pick it up merely out of curiosity, is caught and held by a mysterious force which he is powerless to resist. True, it is depressing, sad, and even disgusting; but there is always that note of hope and optimism that right will triumph over right.

Based on the defense of Musa Dagh in 1915,the book tells in detail the outrages suffered by the Armenians at the hands of the Turks. Gabriel Bagradian, an Armenian, and his French wife,Juliette, are the principal figures in this story. Gabriel,considered a foreigner by the Armenians in his native village because of his long residence in Europe, takes matters in hand and guides the destinies of his people.

Realizing the possibilities in this event, the author has written this very long novel superbly and with sympathy and understanding.

. . . . . .

KIM by Rudyard Kipling. (Doubleday, Page and Company, Garden City,New York, 1926.

This classic is a favorite of young and old alike, and in it Kipling is at his best.He has used all of India as the background for this novel, and his pictures are clear and forceful. The mystery, beauty, and enchantment, the squalor and filth of India, are plain to the reader.

The story of Kim's boyhood in India is strange and thrilling. Kim, himself, is strange. Though Irish, he looks like any native and speaks his mother-tongue in "a clipped uncertain sing-song." Used to shifting for himself, he runs into all kinds of queer and interesting people and plays casually at the Great Game of intrigue as a member of the British Secret Service. He becomes the chela or disciple of an old Tibetan lama and with him wanders up and down the length and breadth of India in search of the River of the Arrow.

Though Kim is a very extraordinary boy,Kipling never overdraws him.He lives in a colorful atmosphere and has interesting experiences, but always he is a thoroughly human young boy with much the same feelings as other boys of his age

The book is illustrated with prints from paintings by Kipling's father, who served for some years as the curator of the museum at Lahore.

----Victoria Gellatly

Spring Sports

Track

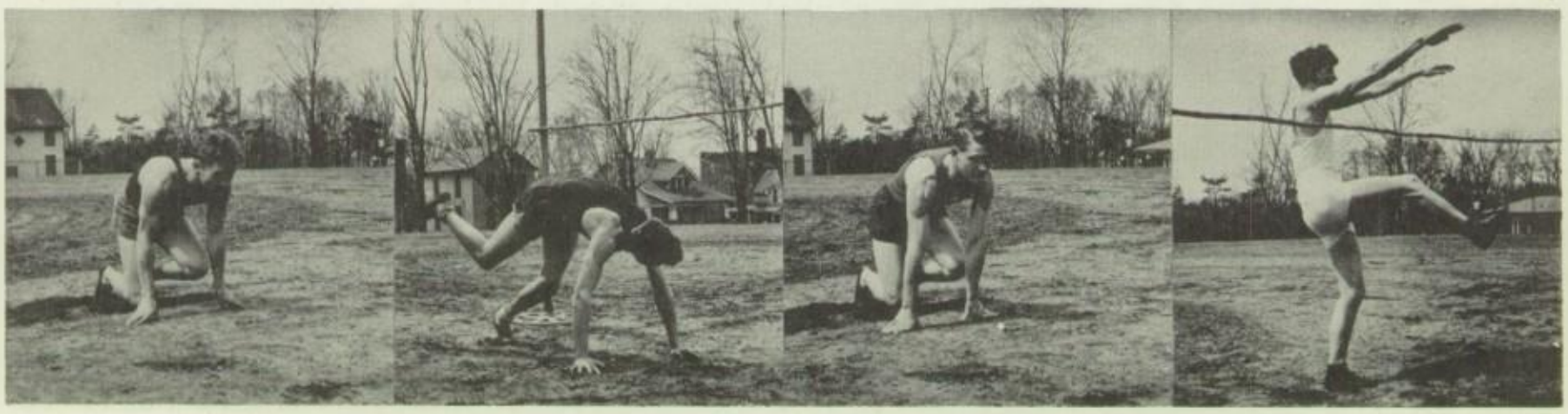
Evidence that track is becoming a more popular sport at Baldwin High School was given late this winter when Coach Franklyn Whitney issued his first call for candidates and more than 40 boys responded. As the weather became warmer, the squad began working out of doors. Still most of the boys continued to practice regularly and refused to be discouraged by lack of a good track and equipment, caused by the financial stress of the times.

Despite these facts, it would be unwarranted to say that the 1935 Maple tracksters will return to Birmingham the state championship won in 1933. Early season performances showed the team strong in nearly every event, but lacking experience. As most of the members were juniors and sophomores, Coach Whitney was assured of placing a good outfit on the field next season. All of the squad's best men will be able to compete and only two or three performers Will have graduated when the '36 season rolls 'round.

As we are writing prior to the first Baldwin meet, we can give no records or scores and are able merely to guess, with fair sureness, which men will be the best performers this season. Both Johnny Owens and Don Hoebel look good in the dashes, and both are expected to be point winners this year. Clark Collins and Paul Wayman, both with still two years to compete, are understudies in the 100 and 220 and with a little experience they should be above the average runners.

In the quarter and half mile Art MacLean, Ernie Fuller, Phil Carey, Don Fouracre and Don Upward are the best men, and MacLean has shown promise of giving plenty of competition in the 440.

The shot put and the mile were two of Coach Whitney's pre-season headaches. Junior Rocheleau looked as though he would be the best man in the latter event but after giving nearly every man on the squad a chance at the shot, Whitney was still wondering whom to use in this event. In both high jump and hurdles, the Maple outfit has good men. Larry Thomas and Jack Birthrong were leaping around the six foot mark in practice and "Red" McBride and Harold Mintling, veterans from last year, should make the vault a strong Maple event. (continued on page 27)



Golf and Tennis

Back in the days when Mr. Toothacker was a mere child of fifty, our school was fortunate enough to have money and material for good tennis teams. The tennis craze called scores of boys and girls to its banner,and it was not long before tennis became the byword of the school. For several years tennis held the spotlight,and during this period we turned out many players who have since proved their worth in faster company.

Then in 1929 golf became the fashion of every sophisticated young person.In fact,one wasn't modern unless he took a try at the little white pellet.Of course our school was not to be outdone, and we instituted a golf team.

Then came the depression. Our schools began to cut teachers and extra expenses that were not absolutely essential to the welfare of the whole student body. Naturally tennis and golf had to go,for only comparatively few people reap the benefit from such enterprises. Our educational system balanced on the brink of disaster for a long period, just managing to avoid ruin each time.

In 1934 a group of boys headed by Bob Mix and Fred Schwarze petitioned the Board of Education for self-supporting tennis and golf teams. Finally permission was granted, and once again tennis and golf became a part of the school's curriculum. Last Year, 1934, our teams did quite well considering that we had not competed in the sports for three years. Our tennis team ended the season with an average of .600 and our golf team with about a .500 final rating. In the regional tennis meet our team placed a singles player in the semi-finals and a doubles team in the finals. The golf team under Fred Schwarze, who was a medalist in the regionals, did admirably, and set a standard that will be hard for future teams to live up to.

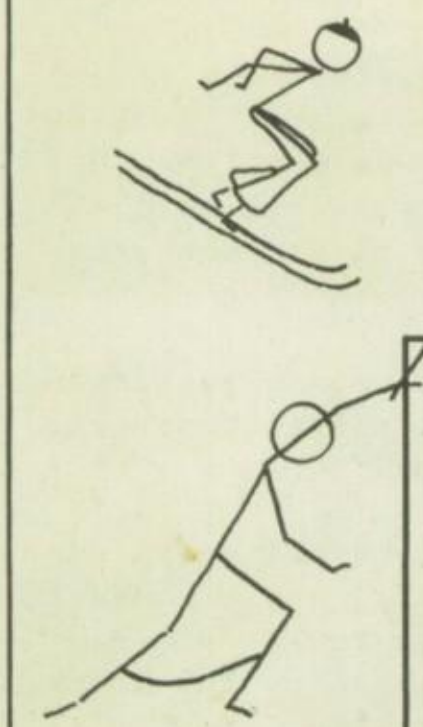
This year Mr. Robinson has consented to coach both teams; he established a system of elimination by which he was able to determine the boys who would probably represent Baldwin during the season's schedules.At this writing Mr. Robinson says that Frank Phillips, Page Dinnel, Lloyd Forster, George Frye, John Hulbert, Neal Stark, and Don Clark are the most promising tennis prospects. In golf Don Porteous,Harry Mudge Jr.,John Bagby, Don Clark, Bill Wibel, and Norman Clark are the most likely candidates.

. . . .

TRACK (continued)

Early in the season it appeared Bud Herbst would be the outstanding performer in both hurdle events. However, he was being pushed hard by Frank Beasecker and Bill Pratt in the highs and Don Porteous and George Guckelberg in the lows. On the whole, the team looks well balanced. If it is not exceptional this year, it should be much better next season.

Girls' Sports



This organization was formed to promote the interest of sports among the senior high girls. The third anniversary in May will be marked by an annual spring banquet when athletic awards will be made.

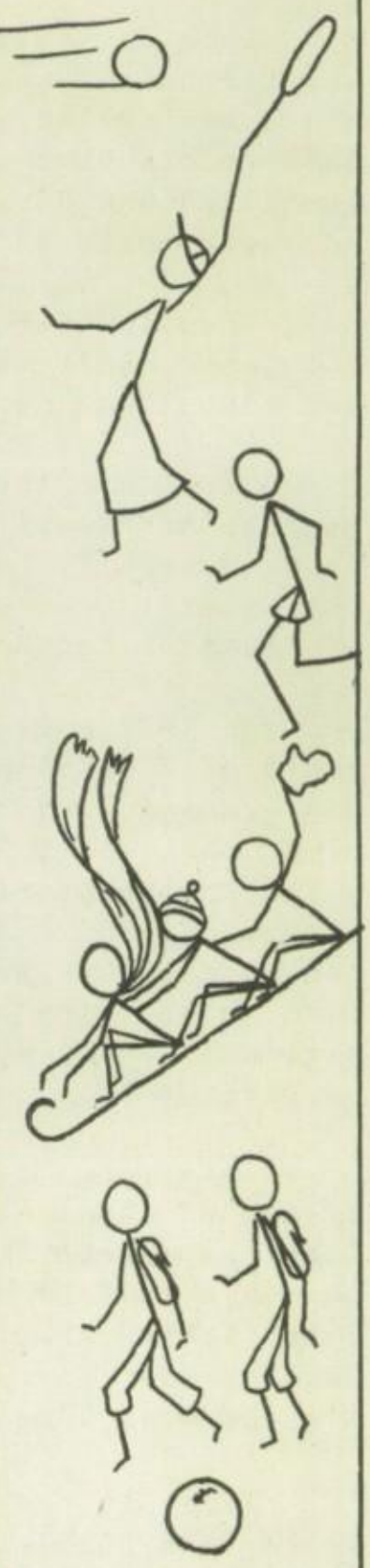
The Board, with Miss Hammond, advisor, plans the activities and appoints the managers for the various teams, Dorothy Steffee, 1934 president, graduated in February, and her duties were taken over by the vice president, Dorothy Porritt. Other members of the board are Mary Wibel, Helen Armstrong, Lucile Walker, Margaret McKee, and Jean Judson.

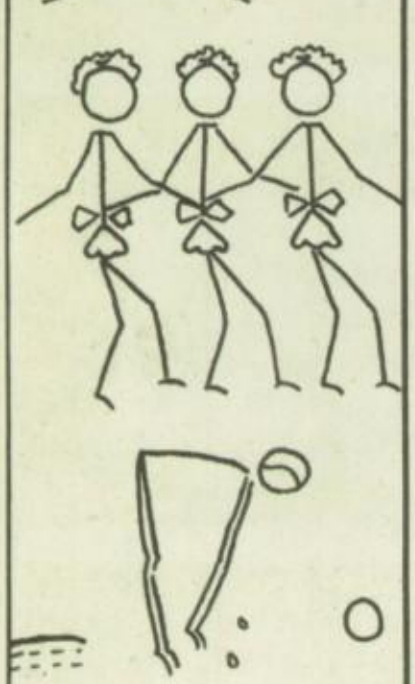
The object of this association is to provide sports for all. The team games comprise basketball, baseball, and volley ball. The individual sports include deck tennis, golf, horseback riding, tennis, track, and dancing. The senior class basketball team under management of Martha Eggert won the championship this year.

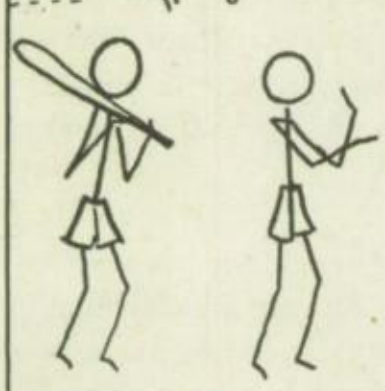
Four projects were undertaken by the G. A. A. With the Varsity Club they sponsored the annual football and basketball dances. They assisted in presenting "Thank You Doctor" by contributing the dance numbers. Another accomplishment was the transforming of the principal's former office into a meeting place for the members.

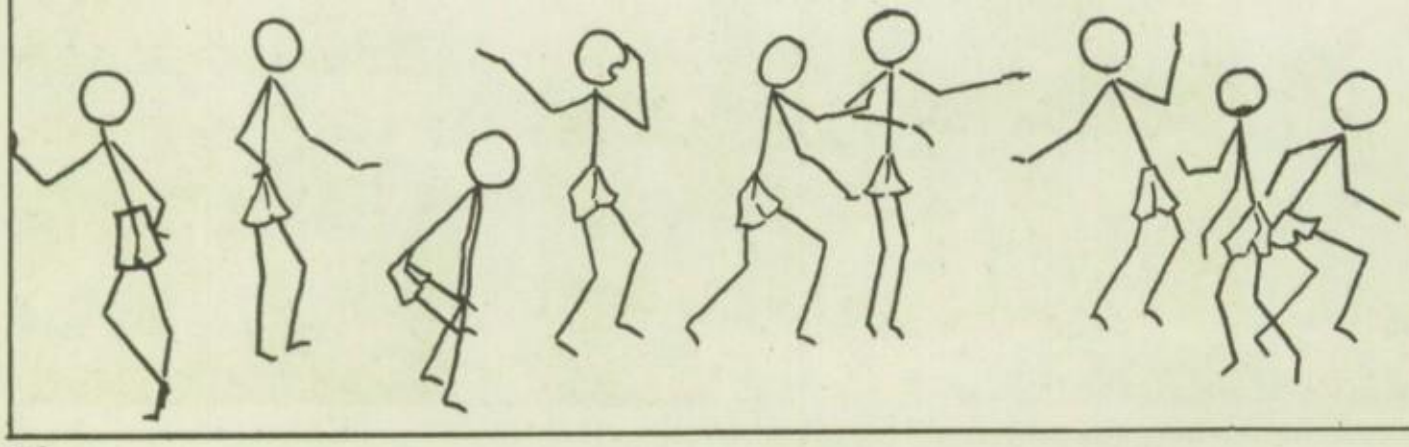
The social functions were a swimming party at the Woman's City Club and a tobogganing party at the Birmingham Golf Club. Playdays were held at Royal Oak and Kingswood where the two schools competed in various sports.

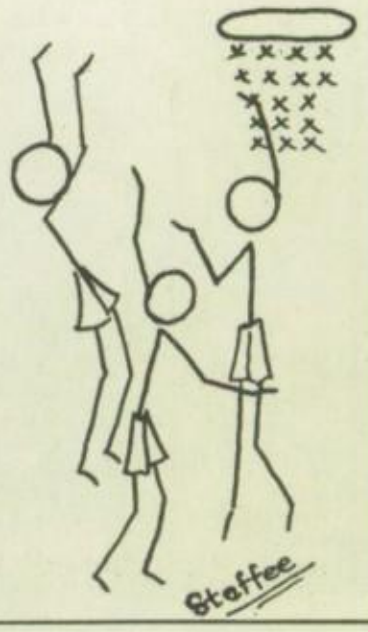
----Dorothy Porritt











Who's Who

YVONNE GAY. Baldwin's own Pavlowa is noted chiefly for her outstanding ability as a dancing teacher, her infectious good humor, and her qualities as a good mixer. She has proved herself a shrewd business woman as well as one of the most popular girls in school.

DARBY TAYLOR. Darby Taylor has climaxed the series of accomplishments of his high school career by being elected to the office of President of the Student Congress. Darby lends an added dignity to that organization as well as successfully combining qualities of good leadership and a very likeable personality.

RED McBRIDE. Besides being the possessor of the most fiery mop in the whole school, he is well known for his athletic ability. He has been elected captain of the football team and rightly deserves his place in the WHO'S WHO.

BILL GAIL. Bill has been adding every year to his list of accomplishments in the field of music and by now he has piled up a lot to his credit. Bill also has the widest grin and is probably the best-liked boy in Baldwin.

GEORGE GUCKLEBERG. George Guckleberg, leading contender for the title of the original blushing schoolboy,is our Track captain for the 1935 season. George is a successful combination of the playboy and athlete, and he prefers onions.

MR. TOOTHACKER. Mr. Toothacker, the jovial, bespectacled instructor of the mysteries of chemistry and physics, is one of the oldest institutions of Baldwin High. He has been teaching in Birmingham for sixteen years. Uncle Charlie, as he is sometimes affectionately called, is a jolly good fellow and is well-liked by students and teachers alike.(Refused to pose).

MR. CRANDELL. Birmingham is greatly indebted to Mr. Crandell, who has done much to prevent the closing of schools. Quiet and competent, he doesn't say much nor occupy the spotlight, but the influence of his presence is manifested by action rather than words.

JACK REYNOLDS. Jack Reynolds is the capable and popular president who is guiding the destiny of the junior class. He is not noted alone for his executive ability. He is also an artist of no little merit, and is the capable Art Editor of THE PIPER.

JACK MURPHY. Jack is Baldwin's flying ace. He has always been keenly interested in aeronautics and started by building model planes. When he was fourteen, he received a glider license, and he has cracked up several times since then. Now he is working steadily to obtain a pilot's license and has many flying hours to his credit.

MR. HART. Calmly and deliberately Mr. Hart goes about the business of being principal of this school.He has done much to preserve that interesting phase of school work, the extra-curricular activity. He is remembered with affectionate regard by many "school generations" of alumni.

MISS HAMMOND. Miss Hammond, our beauteous and charming athletic instructor, takes her pat on the back mostly for her active part as advisor in the G. A. A. activities. She has also had a helpful and clever finger in all the school dances, and is known for her becoming clothes.

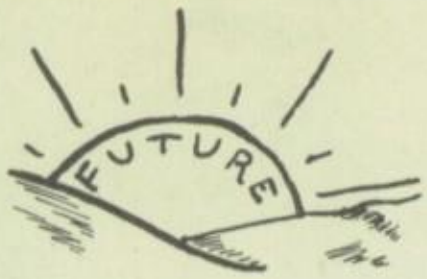
BOB MIX. Bob Mix, the senior who has strayed from the fold, will always be remembered for his athletic prowess, his leadership, and his musical ability. He is now living in Strasbourg,France, and we are fortunate to be able to print his trans-oceanic interview. Bob was also the founder and first president of the Student Congress.

--Victoria Gellatley
----Anabel Dahlquist

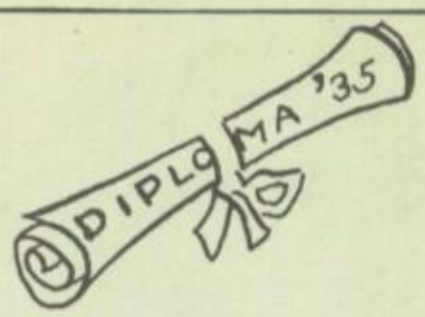
Who's Who

The National Honor Society

Names of students: Standing - from left to right: Ellén Ford, Dorothy Porritt, Franklyn Phillips, Bernice Sweet, Lucile Hallet, Jane Long; Seated: Betty Jane McCormick, Mary Wibel, Mary Elizabeth Staley, Mary Quinn, Marjorie Tate, Elizabeth White.



Seniors-1935



Dorothy Bonitt
Treasurer

Ralph DuBois
President

Bennett Root
Vice-President

Mary E. Staley
Secretary

Chas. Fletcher

Lucile Hallett
Valedictorian

Jane Lang.
Salutatorian

Bob Vinton

Betty Jane McCormick

Mary Quinn

Mildred White

Clyde Bennett Jr

Derby Taylor

Edith Babcock

Mary Lou Crimmins

Earl B. Wilson

Bob McKee

Ida Edwards

Vincent J. Hobbel

Hortense McGavran

Lloyd Tramper Jr.

Garrett Freeman

Elizabeth L. White

Bill Wibel

Jim Schooley

R B Bender

Chas. Somers

Garrett W Mack

Lloyd L. Stanbery

John Richey

Bonnie Sweet

Frank J. Savage

DeBeier

Mary Jane Tippett

Thelma Hood

Mary Fiske

Dorothy Bell

Bessie E. Smith

Virginia Osterman

Marjorie Tate

Robert C. Johnstone

Dean N. Smith

Joan L. Barr

Arthur King

Louis M. Randall

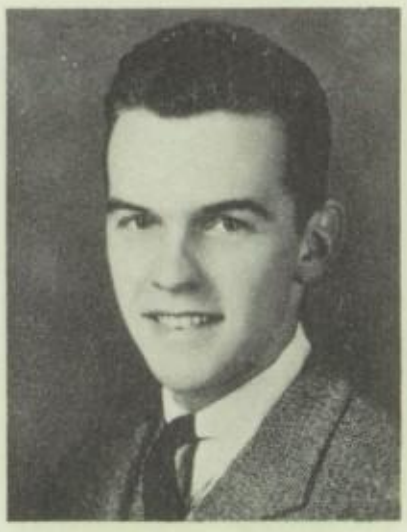
Patricia Ead

Gertrude Louise Wenzl

Frank Phillips

Victoria Gallathy

Margaret Anderson



J. W. Beasley Jr.

James Dodds Brede

Virginia Furlong

Ernie D Fuller

Robert V Buckbaugh

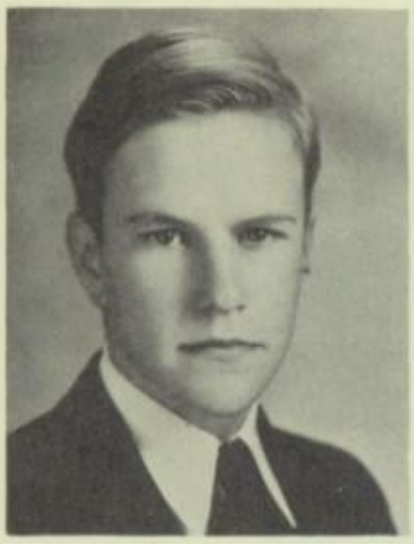
Ewanda Unger

Berry Vaughan

Shirley Hoofnagle

Beatrice Grooms

John E. Wilson



Norman Clark

Dorothea Staesler

Marjorie Busch

George E. Gudelberg

Kay Prentice

Alice Schubert

Don DeVliegu

Ellen Ford

Betty Carnahan

Jack Long

Margaret Engelbach

Tom Reaney

Bill Cole

Wanda Pleger

Helen Hooner

John Camp

Bruce Pettyjeice

Anabel Dahlquist

Alyce Harvey

William Bell

Martha Eggert

Lillian Hinfield

Jack Murphy

Elva Hillman

Mercelle Greene

Louise Hersey

Page Dinnel

Betty Brady

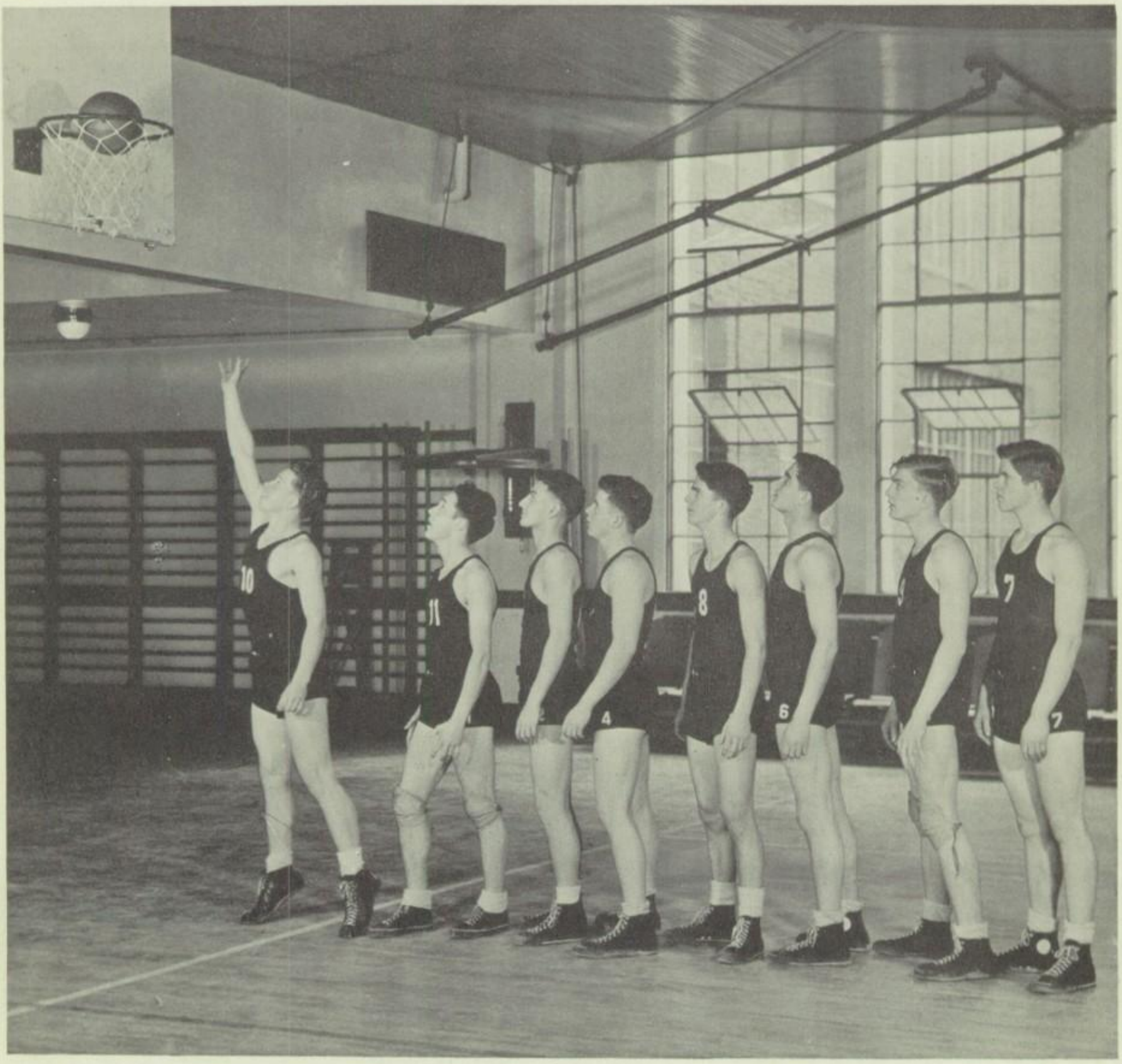
Clyg. Dean

Beth Owens

Charles Melear

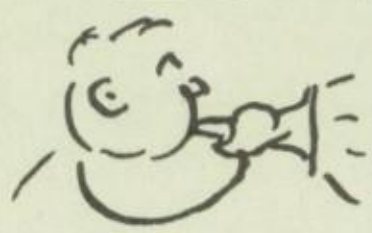
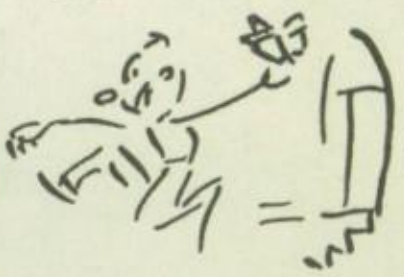
Bob McCutcheon

Basketball-1934-1935



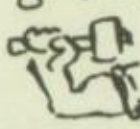
Left to right: Clifford McBride, Don Fouracre, Franklyn Phillips, Burton Diemer, Don Porteous, Harold Mintling, Jack Birthrong, Warren Forester.

Calendar for 34-35

Football Begins September 28	Field Day October 24	Junior High Halloween Party  October 26	Basketball Starts December 7
Football Dance December 14	"Thank You Doctor" January 18	Graduation January 24	Band Concert February 5
Basketball Dance March 22	Track Begins April 12	Skip Day * ------	Faculty Meetings Every Tuesday
"Piper" Out May	Junior-Senior Reception June 5	Graduation June 6	Summer Vacation  June 7 Gail

* Note: Just skip this one.

Under the signs of the Zodiac, Baldwin is governed by the following:—

 sign of Migittius ‖ the twins - First and Second Semesterius ‖ $\frac{1}{2}\sqrt{2}$ Sine 45°

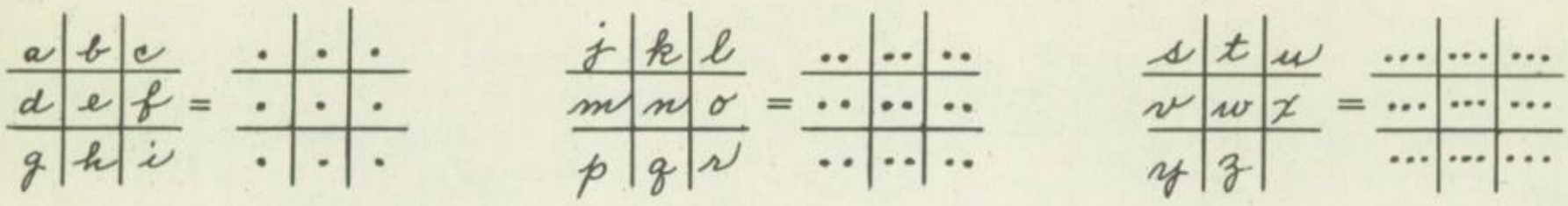
The Staff

Left to right: First row: Muriel Dalley, Jane Long, Bernice Sweet, Mary Staley, Mildred White, Mary Quinn, Mary J. Tippett, Betty McCormick, Anabel Dahlquist, Victoria Gellatley, Ann Keller. Second row: Betty Atkins, Bettie Smith, Bob McCutcheon, Bob Jones, Bob Vinton, Bob Bender, Clyde Bennett, SherWin Davidson, Vincent Hoebel, Bill Gail, Elizabeth White, Pat Ead. Third row: Charles Somers, Neville Foss, Tim Walton, Jack Reynolds, Charles Fletcher, Jack Birthrong, George Frye, Louis Randall, Franklyn Phillips, Ernest Winborn, Errol Conley.

FACULTY AT PLAY

The Ad Cryptogram

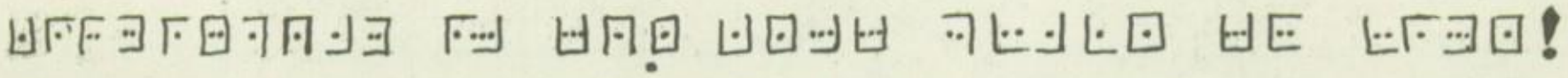
By the Staff Secret Service



The angles and squares in the cryptogram are represented by the borders of the advertisements. The dots are placed in relation to the angles; or if in a square, they will be found in or near the center of the ad. To find the hidden sentence hunt the dots, note their number and position to determine the letter they represent, and put the letters together to form words. Then arrange the words and you are through!

Here's an example to help you get ready:

Birmingham is the best place to live.



PHOTOGRAPHS

in this publication

by

THE ARNOLD STUDIOS

Birmingham, Michigan

Smile Awhile

We haven't many jokes this time;
  Though it's no fault of ours,
We will supply this little rhyme,
  Lest any temper sours:
A little goat chewed up our jokes;
  We frowned at what he'd done.
"I cannot sympathize," said he,
  "I am so full of fun."

Connie Barnes: Does the moon affect the tied?
Davy White: No, only the untied.

Lives of 12A's all remind us
  We can make ourselves a pest,
And departing leave behind us
  Feelings of relief and rest.

If all the students who slept in classes were laid end to end, they would be much more comfortable.

Bob Carson: Father says that wine, women, and song are the ruin of young men; so I've cut out singing.

Where do you come from?
South Dakota.
Why don't you talk like a Southerner?

The younger folk no longer trust
  The Emerson idea,
When Duty sternly says, "You must,"
  The youth replies, "Oh, yeah?"

Betty Hill: Look at the football team floundering around in the mud and water. How will they ever get clean?
Helen Brown: Huh, what do you think the scrub team is for?

My analyze over the ocean,
  My analyze over the sea,
Oh, who will go over the ocean,
  And bring back my anatomy?

Miss Huggett: Can you tell me where the crocuses go in the winter?

Bob Soderburg: I can. They go south with the rest of the birds.

IT'S A PRETTY good store that can draw more than 50 per cent of its patronage from out of town. Thrifty and smart dressers from all over the county, Detroit and elsewhere are our regular patrons. Such confidence must be merited. No wonder we say—

You'll Enjoy Shopping At

DAVIDSON'S

"Now class," said Mr. Hubbard, "can any of you tell me how iron was discovered?"
Bob Jones thrust his hand in the air.
"All right, Bob,"
"I understood my father to say they smelt it, sir."

Love may be the sweetest thing, but my home work sure suffers.

The Dramatic Club was giving impersonations. When called on, a frosh went to the platform and stood perfectly still.
"Well", said Miss Hull after waiting a minute for something to happen. "What are you impersonating?"
"A man going up in an elevator", was the response.

The first mention of tennis is found in the Bible. It says that Joseph served in Pharaoh's court.

Miss Densmore: But that is half of 8.
Frosh: Depends on which way you take it.

Miss Densmore: What do you mean,which way?
Frosh: Up and down or sideways.
Miss Densmore: What difference does it make?
Frosh: Well, up and down it's 3 and sideways it's O.

Teacher: What do we call a woman who keeps on talking when we are no longer interested?

Bob Thompson: I know---a teacher.

"Why, Herbert," said Mrs. Gardener, "what are you reading in that book about bring up children?"
"I'm just looking,mom, to see if I am being brought up properly.

Mrs. Horwath: Which poet do you enjoy the most?
Dick Brown: The one that's Whittier.

As Always

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A GRAND PLACE TO BROWSE

Birmingham

Fruit and Grocery Co.

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We carry a most complete line of fine foods that will please the taste ot the most skeptical people.

Give us a trial and convince yourself

124 N. Woodward Phone 65

Know Your School

1. What teacher has been of the Baldwin High School staff for the longest time?
2. In what year was Baldwin High School completed and occupied?
3. How many students were there in the first graduating class?
4. When did Baldwin last win a State championship? In what sport?
5. How many principals have there been in Baldwin High School including Mr. Hart?
6. Are there any graduates of Baldwin on the faculty? If so, who?
7. How many class rooms are there in Baldwin High School including laboratories and workshops?
8. What is the principal's old office now being used for?
9. To whom is the Student Athlete plaque dedicated? How many names are on it and whose?
10. Who presented the plaque dedicated to Baldwin High School graduates who served in the World War and how many names are on it?
11. How many teachers are on the faculty of Baldwin? How many students are enrolled?
12. How many students are in the Baldwin band? The orchestra?

(answers on page 48)

Birmingham's track team won its first meet, a triangular one with Dearborn and River Rouge by the following score: B. H. S. 65½, River Rouge 44¾, and Dearborn 20¾.

CUSTOM TAILORING

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Beauty Salon

LEVINSON BLDG.

124 S. Woodward Birmingham, Michigan

Punny Dictionary

Bum--a weapon of war.
Err--the organ of hearing.
Owl--the cry of a wolf
Worm--opposite of cool.
Chalk---to strangle; as, "I'll chalk you!"
Pump--violent comtact.
Pabulum-something that swings back and forth; as, THE PIT AND THE PABULUM.
Bumpkin--a large orange fruit.
Theme--joint in a shirt.
Cynic--what mama washes de dishes in.
Stoic--what brings de beby.
Sapling--airship;as, the Graf Sapling.
Broil--a street fight or other general riot.
Knuckle--aunt's husband.
Sloop--first course of dinner.
Glove---kind of spice Mama puts in pickles.
Rum--space enclosed by four walls.
Solid--lettuce and mayonnaise.
Skulk-a little black and white striped animal.
Add--thing that rests on your neck.
Pike-two-wheeled vehicle used by Western Union boys.
Squaw--a petty wind-storm.
Petition--wall between two rooms.
Skittle--what you fry bacon in.
Prison---commonly three-faced, transparent body.
Wrong--part of a ladder.
Dabble---splotched marking; as of a horse.
Girdle--opposite of boy.
Gold--opposite of hot.
Hot--small hovel.
Riot---what meat does when left in the sun.
Agony--very black wood.
Sprig--season of the year.
Docile--the little knob on top of your hat.

. . . . . .

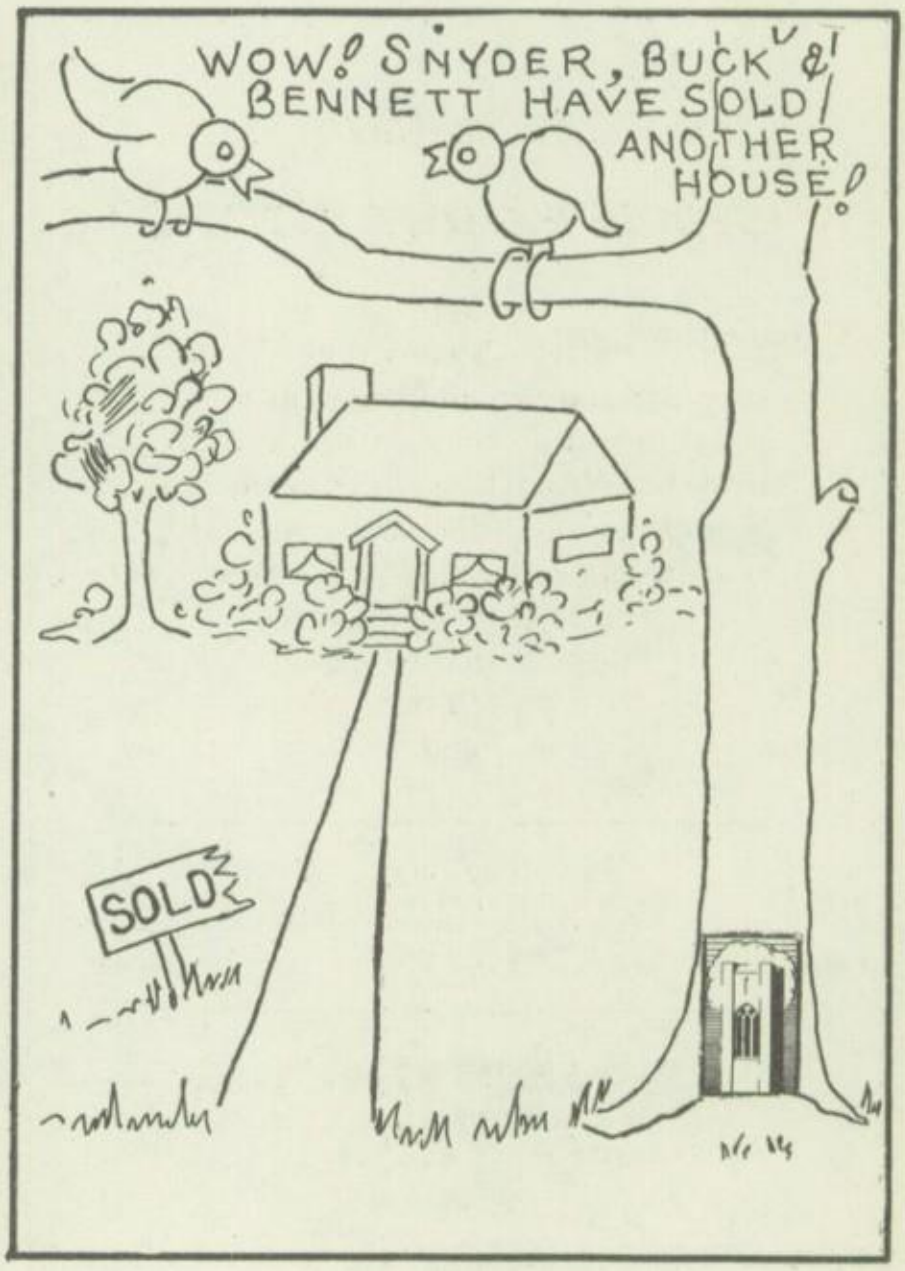
SERVICE QUALITY
TORCO
FUEL OILS

Serving the Birmingham-Bloomfield Area

TORRENCE OIL CO.

Fuel Oil

1639



What Titles Mean to Us

LES MISERABLES-- "Prepare for a test in American History."
LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW? -- Morton Nelles.
TALE OF TWO CITIES --- And so Royal Oak won the football game. We lost.
GLORY HOLE -- Maple Ave. at Chester St.
NEW FABLES -- Brand new excuses for the same old things.
THE PERFECT TRIBUTE -- A ≠ in all three French tests.
IN LANDS AFAR --- Our minds during Physics class.
LOOKING FORWARD --- Everyone---June!--- Summer!
TREASURE ISLAND - The Double Dip joint.
AFTER OFFICE HOURS --- Miss Stickle's room after 3:40.
THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING - Mr. Berndt.
FRECKLES --- A student with 'em----say, Red McBride.
DADDY LONG LEGS -- Norman Clark.
LITTLE MEN - Don Helferich and Bob Bender.
THE MUTINEERS --- The first hour Civics class.
CALL OF THE WILD -- The 1:15 bell.
DAMON AND PYTHIAS - Doris Perkins, Margaret Engelbach.
JO'S BOYS --- All Josie Takken's boy friends.
SO RED THE ROSE -- George Guckelberg.
ROYAL ROAD TO ROMANCE - Any dark street.
WHILE ROME BURNS --- Scotty (First Fiddelle) Gowans.
SHOWBOAT -- John Pratt's Lincoln.
TARZAN -- Ralph Price.

ANSWERS TO "KNOW YOUR SCHOOL"

1. Mr. Toothacker: 2. 1917: 3. 22: 4. football and track in 1933: 5. three 6. One, Miss Stewart: 7. 27: 8. G. A. A. Office: 9. To George Johnson; Names: James Brien, Derwood Harris, Victor Canever, Kenneth Hunt, Fred Schwarze: 10. Class of June 1921; 36 names: 11. 26; 776: 12. 40 in the Band; 32 in the Orchestra.

For 29 years

SHAIN'S DRUG STORE

has
been the center
around which the people
of this community, both old and
young, have satisfied their needs in our
line of merchandise and especially
the need for SERVICE. Our
aim is ever to improve
our service to meet
your every
need.

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VEL-A-ROL ICE CREAM
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Les Taqueteurs

(The Chatterers)

Dame Rumor has it that Mary Jane McCurry is no longer playing the saxaphone but is engaged in pulling the "Har" - strings of another Cranbrook lad.

Hi, Frede! Render all suggestions for keeping the halls clear of Public Enemy No. 2 (Hattie Babcock, to you). She blocks traffic on all floors by walking backwards with her eyes shut.We should think that one so slender could be skillful enough to do a better job of navigation.

We wonder if a certain blonde senior can explain the ups and downs in Dave White's nature. Some days he seems to be walking on air, and other days he's in the depths of despair.

Nice Pussy, Wy-gant you give the B. H. S. lads a tumble? Is it the accent that counts so much?

REWARD

$5.00 for fifty bright expressions that will be equally divided among the Coroneters. Dozens of girls, but what have they done with "originality"?

Fads may come and fads may go, but one demoiselle is always attired in the very best of taste. An orchid to Ginnie Hart for being the "Vogue" of Baldwin.

(continued on page 50)

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LES CAQUETEURS (continued)

We wonder if all you boys and girls realize that for the past four years we have been honored by the presence of one Myrna Loy in the person of Mary Quinn?

Beginning September of next semester, tea will be served every afternoon in Room 210. To those not in the "know", Miss Stickle's room. The admission will be in the form of Latin or French required work.

A posy to you,Bill Wibel, for being the nominee for the best dressed boy in school. Fashions by courtesy of ESQUIRE. Now, may we select Mr. "Punk" Colgrove as runner-up for this title as Bill is leaving us this year?

Ralph is worth the price of admission to the third hour English class because of his original patter.

Because of Miss Hull's ability to make her VERGIL class very interesting, the members are even enjoying their trip to Hades.

We wonder if Nancy Murray is using her car as a demonstrator for the masculine students of school. At least there will be one less when our star athlete, Bill Loud, departs for foreign parts.

An orchid to Miss Pursell for having so much patience with her fourth hour history class and also for being such an "all 'round sport".

And last but not least, may we say - the biggest and best orchid to Miss McGiffin for being the one and only friendly teacher who speaks to her students on all occasions.

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Thumbnail Sketches

I am like the bird which finds it easier to enjoy just one more day in his northern home and keeps on staying just one more day, until it is too late to travel south. In the end, the snowstorm overtakes him. ---Alice Harvey.

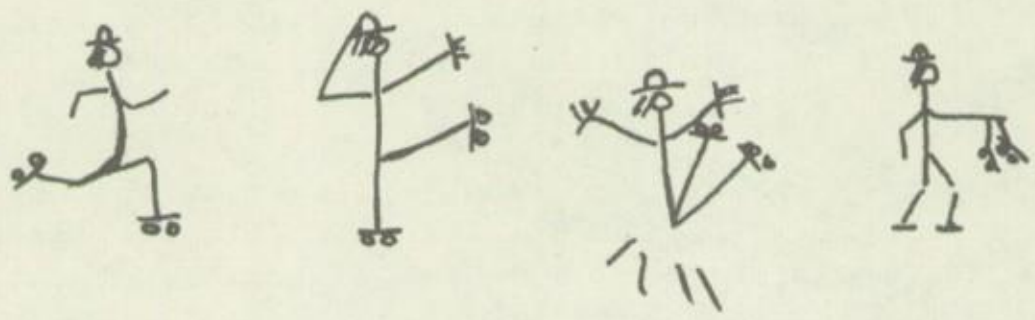
Oh, that I were a hammer instead of a nail! ---Bob Bender.

I am just a drop of water caught in an eddy, while the river goes thundering on. ---Perry Vaughn.

Unless the meek inherit the earth, I'll probably never get my share.----John Parker.

I am painted on the Wall of Life. At first I glow brightly and then I begin to dim with the years. Finally I am scrubbed off altogether and another coat takes my place. ---Bill Wibel.

THUMBNAIL SKETCH OF A "GIVER UPPER".



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Interview with Robert Mix

Dear Editor:

After experiencing my first ocean passage I am thoroughly convinced of one thing: I wouldn't make a good sailor. Despite the fact that a number of fellow-passengers insisted we were having a comparatively smooth crossing, Father Neptune forced me to disagree with them emphatically.

One of the most striking features of the entire crossing was the dispatching of the mail plane. Late at night two men climbed into a tiny plane which headed its slim body to the wind, and exactly on scheduled time, was catapulted out over the water. Simultaneously colored flares lit on each tip of the wing casting weird reflections on the water. For the sake of a few hours, two men were risking their lives.

Except for being introduced to the European custom of attacking a tiny dish of ice cream with a soup spoon, the train ride from Cherbourg to Paris was uneventful.

It was in Paris where I was first confronted with the French language which has been a perpetual headache ever since. There too I first entrusted my neck to the apparently insane driving of the Parisians.

For the ensuing 24 hours the ordinarily stationary buildings of Paris consistently rocked before my eyes in the rhythm of the sea. That is one of the queerest sensations I have ever experienced. It is the effect of the rolling of the boat.

It is a far cry from the simple French villages to the Chateau at Campregne where hangs a huge painting, NAPOLEON'S DREAM. It shows this small man in the midst of a numberless army, composed of ghastly warriors (continued on page 53)

Leon

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Quality Market

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who seem eager to follow their leader in quest of ne victories.

Sorry,but we'll have to go from gaudy Paris to rather dull Strasbourg. It's located in that much disputed province of Alsace. There are two languages,French and Alsacian (corrupt German). It is sometimes called the "City of Cathedrals" and boasts the possession of one of the largest in Europe. The city was founded by the Romans and is full of ancient ruins. The old section has innumerable cobblestone streets, some of which are so narrow that not more than two people can pass at once.

In an attempt to learn this impossible language,I've been attending the local university. It's a very disappointing place. The standards of cleanliness are appalling, and the total lack of student organizations of any description makes it a place to gain book-knowledge, but little else.

Among the short trips I've taken, the one to Saarbrucken for the plebiscite is by far the most important. Ignoring the political aspects, I will mention a number of very striking things that deserve attention.

The night of January 13, a vast crowd gathered before the illuminated municipal hall and sang, accompanied by the carillons in the high tower. There was something profoundly impressive in that scene. Those people weren't just singing; they were voicing a hope, in the songs of their Mother Land.

After the results had been announced, the town went wild with joy. The people paraded through the streets, singing and waving flags.

Well, a number of very weighty problems are confronting me: where to gain the necessary courage, and appetite, to indulge in a meal of French snails; how to translate O.K. into French and to think up an explanation; why, if the plural of mouse is mice, isn't the plural of house hice? So---so long!

----Bob Mix

RIDE A BICYCLE

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A Few Boners

Lynette said that Gareth smelled of kitchen grease and other bad remarks. ---11A English exam.

A grass widow is the wife of a vegetarian.

A goblet is a male turkey.

A sirloin is what Ghandi wears around his waist.

S. O. S. is a musical term meaning "Same only softer."

Neuter gender denotes sexless objects, as child, teacher, and servant.

The Indo-Europeans were people in Europe who lived in doors.

Our feathers had not been able to clear the lands.

The Eskimo likes his dessert of ice and snow.

Lincoln saw a pig in a mudhole. He had on a new suit.

Goldsmith could never be a successful teacher because he was good-natured.

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THE TOUGHEST DAY

A solemn stillness sweeps the air. An almost feverish tenseness seems to fill the Study Hall; indeed, it is so quiet one can almost hear the silence. It is just one minute before the ringing of the bell,and the usual din of study has dropped as if a great fear had been planted in the heart of every student. Each member leans forward from his seat, half filling the aisle with his tensed body. A report card protrudes from a clenched fist, while the other hand seeks eagerly for a holding by which the student may increase his "get away" at the sound of the gong.

When, after seemingly long minutes, the bell gives the signal, there is a flash and a great charge like a night attack from a quiet trench. It is as if there were a sudden fire, and everyone is panic stricken. Papers fly; the waste basket is upset;a button flies from a coat; a shirt tears with a raucous ripping sound. A long, wavering line forms at the door of every teacher's room.

After ten or fifteen minutes,when you get your first mark and discover that it isn't what you hoped it would be, you make a dash for the next room for round number two. If you are able to survive this second round, and the third, and the fourth, you come out of the school door victorious; you have gotten out fifteen minutes early, but are now too tired to enjoy your early release. You probably drag yourself to the porch steps and fall there as you sigh a deep sigh of satisfaction. You have just come victorious through the hardest day of the marking period.

----Jim Schooley

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are if they wait, they will never get married."

While still at the little parish, he surprised himself by taking up teaching,which he had always regarded as the last thing in the world he would want to do. However,he found the classes in English and sociology quite interesting; and when his health failed, he relinquished the parish work entirely.

When his course at the seminary was completed, he received his first call--a choice between New York and Flint.As Mrs. Aulenbach did not care for New York, he accepted the place in Flint. His powerful personality soon made itself felt, and the congregation increased and flourished just as it had in the little parish.

In September,1928, Dr. Aulenbach came to Christ Church Cranbrook as assistant rector; he is a dear, familiar figure to us all.

"Some people speak of being called to go into the church;I wasn't called--it didn't burst upon me with sudden light. It was a job to do, and I did it."

"You love people, don't you, Dr. Aulenbach?"

He looked up with his quick smile. "O, yes,--indeed I do! At a wedding recently my wife wanted me to look at all the gifts, but I wanted to look at the people, instead. I like china and silver, but I like people better!" Then he added earnestly, "Why, I don't enjoy addressing a group at all if I can't meet and talk with them afterwards....Anyone who says he doesn't trust people is just admitting that he doesn't understand them."

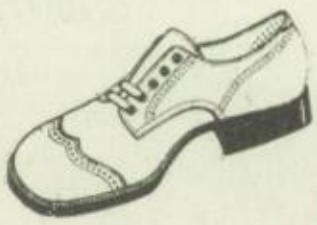
His eyes twinkled appreciatively as he caught our rapt expressions. "I've had some interesting little experiences here and there," he mused. "Perhaps I'll write them up sometime."

We sighed and rose reluctantly. (continued on page 57)

CHILD LIFE

SHOES

This store is Child Life Headquarters. The new styles for boys and girls of all ages are delightful. Just what the youngster wants. Every pair fitted with painstaking care. And they're all good values. Bring the children.



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"Just remember that you've got to carry on,whatever happens. The person who goes along feeling sorry for himself isn't going to get very far."

We tried falteringly to express our thanks in words. He grasped our hands as cordially as before. "I always enjoy talking to the young people," he said sincerely. "Come in and see me any time!"

Thoughtfully and in silence we went down the stairs. Our hearts were very full.

----Mary E. Staley

. . . . . .

SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES

Ah, the attractions of smoking! To "drag" on a cigarette in a nonchalant and sophisticated manner seems to be the height of ambition of every ten-year-old. Who hasn't sneaked off behind the old barn to indulge in the magic qualities of corn-silk?Practically everyone has experienced that feeling which comes to one who knows he is wicked and worldly, and revels in the thought. A boy may use corn-silk intermittently for two or three years;then follows a period of total abstinence from all forms of smoking.

Sixteen is reached! The boy feels himself a man now, and with all the confidence in the world he applies a match to his first real cigarette. Oh, the sickening disillusionment, the ensuing dizziness which invariably follow in the wake of that first smoke! Doggedly he sticks to it, and days of misery and nausea follow. After a week of suffering he masters the art. He has learned to inhale! How proud he is of the accomplishment. He feels himself a true sophisticate.

(continued on page 58)

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SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES (continued)

College days roll around, and he abandons the cigarette for that truest friend of man--a pipe. He purchases one with a slim, five inch stem and a powerful aroma. He resembles some sort of rare, human furnace as he strolls across the campus, his beloved companion clutched firmly between his teeth. He knows that he is the envy of his fraternity brothers, the ideal of adoring co-eds. He is a man, self-assured and confident of his fatal attraction.

The pipe habit may remain for ten or twenty years, or even for life. However, it is reasonable to assume that if he becomes a lawyer, detective or "big business man," he will invariably employ the cigar or "stogie," as it is familiarly known. Nothing lends a man the air of importance and distinction quite so much as a long, fat, black roll of tobacco, protruding some three inches from his face. To inspire those envious looks of the cigarette men is joy supreme. From corn-silk to a cigar is a long, hard climb, but such an accomplishment is certainly worthy of the effort. Or is it?

----Darby Taylor

. . . . . .

MORE BONERS

To germinate means to become a naturalized citizen of Germany.
The man who marries two wives is guilty of bigotry.
In 1453 the Ottoman trucks captured Constantinople.

. . . . . .

Here's food for thought!
Delicious--Nutritious
"NOON DAY"
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Tasty sandwiches, thick rich malted milks
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DRUG STORES

Snapshots

The tearing of hair of a mother who discovers her daughter of eight years wearing her best shoes and evening dress, the last of her "Christmas Night" spilled down the front and a thick layer of bright lipstick smeared inartistically over her small mouth.

The expression on a worm's face when a robin pulls him out of the ground.

An eraser on the board beside me, once black, is now white with powdered chalk. Tempting.....

Two rows in front of me is an immaculate black suit coat over two motionless shoulders. VERY tempting.....

People. Thinking, talking, acting, living, studying, eating, sleeping, riding, reading. People. (Under-exposed)

Conversation with an alert person is like a refreshing breeze through the halls of one's mind, sweeping aside the cobwebs and brushing the dust off one's thoughts.

A blob of green: a face. A splash of red: some hair. A streak of black: a beard. This is modern art.

A worried look creeps into his face, and he blushes violently. Hastily he retreats. The doors were side by side, and he had entered the wrong one.

(Other "Snapshots" are scattered throughout the book.)

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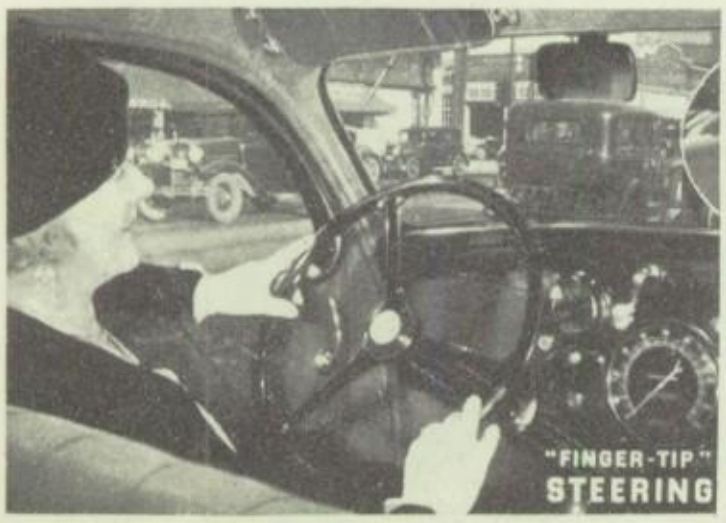

Progressive Engineering-that's what gives the New-Value in these cars the advantage over Rivals.

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Julie Kane, June '31, was general chairman for the Junior Women's play, TUNE IN ON LOVE, at the University of Michigan and was also elected to Mortarboard, Women's Senior Honor Society.

Louise Otterman, salutatorian of the June '34 class, has a column in THE TATTLER, weekly newspaper of Highland Park Junior College. She is also secretary of the Y. W. C. A. organization there.

Marceline Granger, Jan. '34, is executing "parries" and "lunges" with the U. of D. Fencing team.

Roxane Lambie, valedictorian of the June '32 class, has entered the University of Indiana after holding a scholarship at the University of Chicago for her freshman and sophomore years.

Stoddard White, Jan. '31, is a reporter for the Detroit NEWS.

Clayton Brelsford, June '33, won first place for the U. of M. in the mile run of the A. A. U. Track meet in which ten colleges took part. He was one of the members of the squad to travel to California in April to compete in the meet with the University of California.

Dorothy Steffee, Jan. '35, is an assistant in Dr. Ferris' offices.

(continued on page 61)

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THE SALT THAT PREVENTS GOITRE

Betty Ead, secretary of the Feb. '32 class and Derwood Harris, valedictorian and president of the same class, were married November 10, 1934, at Bowling Green, Ohio.

Don Stewart, June '32, is circulation manager of the GARGOYLE, student humor magazine at the U. of M.

Dick Forester, June '34, athletic star of Baldwin High School, won his numerals in football at Purdue.

Betty Sears, Jan. '34, received all A's in her first semester at Denison College.

Betty Peabody Stokes

Dan Robertson, June '31, Robert Judson, Henry Folley June '34, have been elected to Phi Eta Sigma, Freshman honorary society, at the U. of M. Don Parry, June '32, Phyllis Huston, and Stanley Thomas, June '33, also made the Freshman Honor Society their first year.

Fred Boynton and Fred Cushing, Jan. '34, have been initiated to Beta Theta Pi, at the U. of M.

Fred Schwarze and Walter Jensen, June '34, were elected to Phi Kappa Psi fraternity at the U. of M.

Betty Peabody, June '32, is a member of Alpha Phi at Michigan State College. Janet Peabody, Jan. '32, who attended Stephens College at Columbia, Mo. her first two years, is a junior at the U. of M. this year.

. . . . . .

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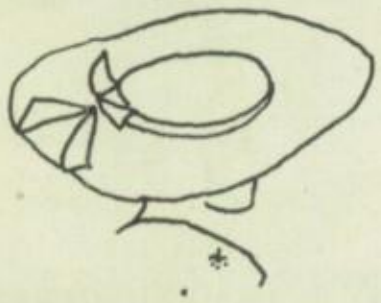

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DICKINSON'S

"Merely by studying it until I feel that I am that person."

"Mr. Huston, what is your advice to those who aspire to go on the stage?"

"Be sure you have talent," he replies emphatically. "Half a talent is worse than none at all."

"But how is one to find out whether or not he has talent?"

"Often through school plays and theatricals. But you will know if you have talent, for there is something inside that says you must act."

Realizing that our precious five minutes are up, we thank him, and he grips our hands cordially, telling us that he is glad we have come.

Importantly we edge past the staring crowd and run laughing down the stairs. How we wish that we might see Walter Huston's next play, "Othello", in which his wife will portray "Desdemona"!

Chattering excitedly we step onto the street once more,and passers-by smile sympathetically. Our spirits soar to the very skies as we skip along;for we have shaken hands with Walter Huston!

----Mary Elizabeth Staley

. . . . . .

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THE MANUFACTURING OF LEADERS (continued)

He must never shirk responsibility, merely because it makes him responsible. He must have tact and be able to deal with people. He should have an attractive appearance, and should find his ability to speak well in public a valuable asset.

We must remember,however, that there are leaders who apply their ability in the wrong direction. These are the political boss, the tyrant king, the gangster boss.

Let us work to give our raw material a desire for these qualities; let us mould it into these shapes;then our labor in this gigantic industry will produce real results.

. . . . . .

THE ENGLISH BOY CHORISTERS (continued)

little boy replied seriously, "O, secular songs, to be sure!" He was ten years old, the smallest in the group; and his dignified, grown-up airs were both amusing and quaint. He was the typical English boy of any day, and would have made a splendid "David Copperfield".

The boys were discussing what city they liked best of all those they had visited,from east to west,and the unanimously chose Boston. "It's so much like home," they explained. "Did you like New York?" they were asked. "No--it's too dirty!" was the quick reply.

Carleton Borrow, organist and director of the group, (continued on page 67)

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Hosiery *- sheer ringless chiffons and closely woven dull toned service weight.*

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cruel as to refuse her happiness.

In the years she had spent away from her home, her love for her father had not grown,but rather lessened;and now that he was so unrelenting in his decision to make her marry her betrothed, that feeling was fanned into hate. I can see old Loo Chung now, inwardly seething in his rage but outwardly as calmly cruel and venomous as a snake. He kept her a virtual prisoner and insisted that she practice the old Chinese rites of worship as he did.

And so she planned to kill him. Kill him because she was young and wanted to live, but not as the customs of her ancestors dictated. Poison would be simple. Poison in his tea, and no one would know. She could hardly be found out, and her fiance was waiting for her in Shanghai where they could be married. Of course, she had not planned on my being there when the old man died.

I reflected in silence. Of course, Loo Yin would want me to help her escape. But after all, now that Loo Chung was gone, who could keep her there? It was after moments of thought that I made the decision I did.

And so we left old Loo Chung alone, tiptoeing out of the room. He still sat in the same position, propped up against the cushions just as he had looked when alive. An old man, alone, gone to join his line of ancestors but not to be worshipped by future generations. Only a faint scent of incense lingered to show

(continued on page 65)

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that there had once been life in the room.

* * * * * * * * * * *

I got Loo Yin safely on the train for Shanghai, and we parted gravely. I know she had a full realization of the deed she had committed, but I told her it was a thing of the past, like the life she was thrusting away from her.

I read of Loo Chung's funeral in the newspaper. He was quite a respected personage in the city, so it was large and expensive. I did not bother to go. Chinese funerals were long and tiresome for one who did not understand them.

A few weeks later, I got a letter from Loo Yin, now Mrs. James Wong. She wrote that she and her husband were sailing for the Philippines that week on a government mission.

I was glad for them.

. . . . . .

ON CONVERSATION (continued)

The conversation is started once more, and one thing will lead to another for quite some time. The host may now sit back and congratulate himself,and prepare for the next crisis.

. . . . . .

David Gafill

CLASS OF 1927

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DETROIT

CHICAGO STORE · 304 South Michigan Avenue

A dive down across the field, up around the pylon on the left, and they are on the back stretch. Everyone watches the pylon on our right. Anyone who should gain a place on the back stretch will make his gain evident as he rounds this pylon.

The race settles down to a duel between Davis in number one position and Turner in number two position. The rest of the field are close behind. Turner is having trouble; his motor is belching out streams of oily smoke.

Boy, what a race! Turner is trying his best, but Davis has increased the pace and is now hitting an average speed of two hundred and fifty four miles per hour.

An announcer reports the progress of the race on the back stretch. Davis first, Turner second. But what's that he says?

Davis is in trouble. His ship climbs sharply and then whips into a tight spin and disappears behind the trees. Is he down or has he pulled out of that spin?

We watch the pylon on the right. Turner comes around in the lead. Davis is not riding second or third or fourth position! The entire field passes the stands, but no red Wedell Williams; no doubt about it now, Davis is down.

(continued on page 67)

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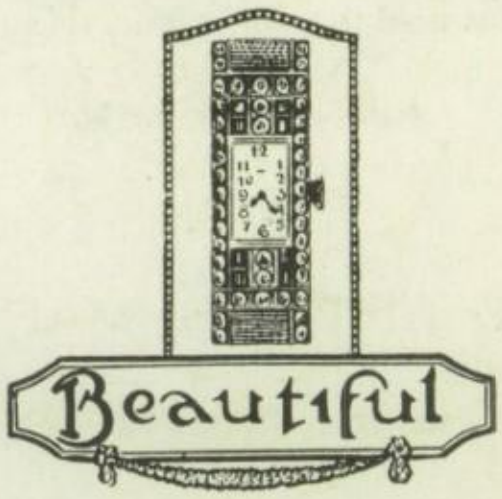

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BIRMINGHAM, MICH.

A few moments later a report comes in that states Davis left his ship in a chute at an altitude of only seventy-five feet! Still this is not a confirmed report.

The race is over. Turner is winner, but what of Davis? The show goes on but is presently interrupted by the field announcer.Everyone is asked to please rise and stand at attention. We oblige, and the announcer tells his story with a genuine tremor in his voice. Davis is dead. He never left the ship; no chance, he crashed to his death near the pylon on the back stretch. Thousands stand at attention and pay a silent tribute to one of us who dared to conquer the air.

What was that last race like? Did he hear something snap in the ship and then have the horrible realization that he was breaking up, going to pieces in the air? Did he think of those behind as his plane carried him with a dreadful splash into oblivion? I hope not.

That back-stretch pylon mounting up through the foliage of a little woods reminded one of a marble shaft rising from the ground of some quiet little church yard that would have taken Doug to a land so far from roaring motors and exhaust fumes and into Eternity where all is clear ceilings and a good strong tail wind.

. . . . . .

THE ENGLISH BOY CHORISTERS (continued)

travels with them, as well as their manager and their tutor. The boys keep up with their schoolwork while on the tour,studying English, geography, arithmetic, and French.The older boys,who are about twelve years old,also study Latin. These are the same subjects they are taught at the English Choir School in London, where boys from the choirs of many churches receive excellent voice training.

. . . . . .

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HIGH SCHOOL A B C'S

A is for athletes who participate,
B is for the boys so often late.
C is for chemistry and chewing gum,
D is for Dora, not always so dumb.
E is for English, a subject some dread,
F is for French, so hard to be read.
G is for grammar and geometry, too,
H is for hurrying and herring bone stew.
I is for innocence, and also red ink,
J is for Johnny and his sly wink,
K is for knowledge and also know,
L is for Latin and its grades so low.
M is for marks that ruin our faith,
N is for nonsense-our teachers so saith.
O is for omens of hard tests ahead,
P is for poems, to write them I dread.
Q is for quietness, so lacking in many,
R is for rhythm and I haven't any.
S is for school (which this is about),
T is for teachers(we'd best be without)
U is for us, the weak and oppressed,
V is for veracity, sometimes repressed.
W is for work (the Lord knows we do!),
X is for Xcellent(on our cards so few).
Y is for youth (we're losing it fast),
Z is for zero (and that is the last).

Congratulations

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